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IRISH MELODY.

THE WORDS BY R. HOGG.

"OH, SWIFTLY FLOWS THE STREAM."

1 The laughing ripples flash
With many a silver ray,
But, light as love, they flash
Away, away, away.

3 The eddies, clear as glass,
Like lingering lovers play,
But soon, like lovers, pass
Away, away, away.

4 But other waves as bright
Along those banks will stray;
Then let them speed their flight
Away, away, away.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE FALL OF WARSAW.

Mourn, O mourn for Poland,
The home of the fearless brave,
For her purest hearts all tried and true,
That wish freedom have found a grave.

Mourn for her high and ancient name,
The great and proud Warsaw;
Where the Russian's shout of triumph rings,
And the Cossack's dread hurra.

Mourn for her lovely palaces,
In smoking ruins laid;
For the blood of her haughty high-born sons,
Stains the coffin's blade.

Mourn for her helpless tenements,
Her beautiful and fair,
For her villages ravaged, and her harvest fields
By the Xord of the Rose laid bare.

Mourn for her many fatherless,
Whose best and bravely trod,
And the cry of the widow's woe is borne
On the wings of the rising gale.

Mourn for her mighty fallen,
And her weapons of war cast low;
For the rights of the people trampled on
By their proud Muscovite foe.

Mourn for the land made drenched,
By sickness, onward and faster;
For the fate of a brave nation that brings
A curse on the despot's name.

Mourn for unhappy Poland—
For her best and bravest slain;
And their scatter'd bones which blanch upon
The wide and naked plain.

Mourn, O mourn for Poland—
For her bright and brazen star;
For the light of its beam is quenched now,
In the crimson tide of war.

OSCAR.

* Cholery Morbus.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

FEMALE PIETY.

Personal piety constitutes the most conspicuous merits of the female mind. The vanity of beauty and the deceitfulness of favour are proverbial—so should be also the truth, that the woman who fears and loves the Lord shall be praised. The virtues are, most emphatically, the glory of woman, but it is requisite that this glory be crowned with a pious heart—not merely nominal piety, but that intrinsic, immutable piety which concentrates enduringly the attributes of the soul, and subjects the natural alienation of the heart from holiness. The heart of woman, as of man, is purified, not entirely by a secret process of omnipotence, but it is the result of chains, determined by those efforts of comparison and reflection which induce it to renounce with a happy alacrity, all those vanities once held so dear. This in her conspicuous goodness. Let all her domestic virtues be subjected to the influence of a pious submission to the will of the Supreme Being; let her personal accomplishments be intermingled with the indispensable requisites, resignation, faith, hope, charity, and humanity; and how irresistibly lovely and fascinating is such a woman! It is a frequent subject of remark, that pious women not only outnumber pious men, but far exceed them in the uniformity and purity of their emotions, and exhibit more perseverance when assailed by adverse obstacles and accumulated embarrassments. Woman was first in transgression, but her stonement is ample in her frank and lovely penitence, eclipsed by any selfish obstinacy. She is most constant in her attachment, though she was the first in infidelity; she was "last at his cross and first at his grave." The most ardent and exalted affections, youth, beauty, and pride of life are freely consecrated to God, to whom are raised her eye and heart. The piety of woman is that which impels to the careful cultivation of every becoming grace—which leads to an indefatigable adherence to every noble truth, and to the zealous fulfilment of every incumbent duty.—Combine the intrinsic excellence of her sex with her native cheerfulness and sweetness of disposition, tenderness, unwavering patience in suffering, and the holy, unchangeable love which has given her such a pre-eminent superiority over the other sex. The bosom of such a female is an empire of true excellence that transcends all that can be held in comparison. If she be clothed in a more brilliant guise of character, religion may still be seen conspicuously among amidst the glowing charms of her sex—her piety has the salutary effect of eradicating all the faults and foibles incident to human nature, and rendering inestimable: and when contrasted with the gaudy display of external accomplishments, and the fascinating ecstacy of fantastic dissipation, her glory is greatest. How much is there in contemplating such a woman to excite esteem and emulation! She is embellished and ennobled with all that this world affords, as well as clothed in those blest habiliments of piety and sweetness which earth can neither bestow nor take away.

COLLINGWOOD.

Written for the Casket.

TO ELLEN.—In memory of other years.

Oh, when the summer's sun hath come,
And fields are deck'd in flowers,
And laughing love, when day is done,
Departs to beauty's bowers,
And when the moon moves high in heaven,
And gladness to the earth is given;
And when the heart softly sings,
And many a flowret sweetly flings
Its fragrance on the midnight air—
Soothing and suiting every care—
O then it is I think of thee
With mingled mirth and misery;
'Tis then I think of all the hours
We pass'd in summer's shady bowers:
Of every wish and every word,
And every hope that then I heard
Fall from thy lovely lips, and oh,
Of vows that wake my soul to woe.

Yes, at that hour to evening given,
When Luna leads her shining train,
When stars are singing hymns in heaven
To angels listening to their strain,
O then I steal unto that spot,
Ily thee and by the world forgot,
Where oft we met, and there to muse
On moments past, and to peruse
The lineaments of feelings felt
Upon that spot when first I knelt
To weep and worship at thy feet,
Moments alas too madly sweet
To last—and who without a sigh
Can muse upon the hours gone by:
On all the joys that youth hath known,
Yet weep to wake and find them flown
To wake and find the heart untrue
That o'er the spot a rainbow threw.

Beneath that aged oak, where we
Have sat in other years,
I sat again to think of thee,
And meditate, in tears;
To think what I was once now,
And woe ere manhood mark'd my brow;
When on that moss encircled spot
Which ne'er by me can be forgot,
I sat and watched in moonlight glen
Thy slender form once more too soon
Stealing along to meet once more
The lad that loved the ground that bore
Thy luminous being, and the air
That fanned thy breast, and were there.—
O blissful hours and blissful hearts,
That knew no guile, that knew no arts,
When hope was new and love was young,
And truth dwelt on each trembling tongue—
Would that such hours were still my doom,
To pave my pathway to the tomb!

And, Ellen, 'neath that shady tree
We've met in sadness and in glee—
Would I could meet thee now
Beneath that tree where now I stray,
'Tis now the hour of closing day,
Each object hath thy charms, each flower
Speaks of the joys of many an hour,
But then that spot, that all their charms
Are absent—in another's arms!
Canst thou be happy? Canst thou?
The vows be recalled here when last we met?
O dost thou never think of years
Of youthful bliss, nor blush in tears?
Say, do no dreams of sorrow spring,
Scenes of murdered love to wring
Thy heart when once I fondly dreamt
Hold heaven from every heart exempt.
And yet I fain would gaze on thee
Again beneath this aged tree;
And fain would think those hours renew'd,
Those hours so much with bliss imbued
Fain would believe as I believed
Again, alas! to be deceived!
And O thou angel, fain would I
Believe in love's delusions now,
Fain would I cheat the very sigh,
The lines upon my thoughtful brow;
But nay, that must not, never, never,
Which may not, cannot be forgot,
Calls forth from memory's weary waste
The vows that love hath vainly traced,
And tells of blasted hope, of woes
That withers up the heart, that, oh!
Too fondly thought me woman worth
All else that breathes of bliss on earth.
Ay, thought her all that could be given
By hope, by happiness, or heaven;
And yet I turn from thee to wake and find
Myself undone by womankind:
To see the brittle being, though bright
With all the tinges of love and light.

And yet I may not, cannot chide
The heart that hath undone;
I cannot summon now that pride
Which first thy fruitless vows won:
I cannot kill thee with a kiss,
Nor dream of thee without a bliss;
I cannot call thee false, and yet
I know thou dost thy vow forget;
I cannot wish thee aught than all
The joys that may to mortals fall;
I cannot even think of thee
Without a thrill of agony:
And ever then now upon this spot
Thy errors all would be forgot,
And tears would start, and grief not be
Mingled with much of misery.
O forget me well, one long farewell!
I cannot, must not, dare not dwell
Upon my own too ardent love,
Though thou canst never be forgot,
While love and languishment shall be
Memorials of my misery.

MILFORD BARD

THE MAGDALEN.

BY A MODERN DE LA PEY.

Under certain circumstances there is always a danger in a young man's playing the benefactor towards the other sex, in his own person. A thousand times better to do it by a second hand—engage the services of some kind aunt or female cousin. You cannot extend protection without taking an interest in the object whom you benefit, and there is no telling where the interest which we take in woman—how slight soever it may seem to be at first—may terminate. Many a man who has entered upon a speculation of the kind, perfectly free, has presently found himself embarrassed by entanglement, beyond the possibility of voluntary extrication. But this is only one half of the question, and not the more important half. If in such a case there is danger to you, there is another who stands in still more imminent peril; a being in whose heart, gratitude, like every other virtue, when once it takes root, grows strong; and, where the more tender affections have not been previously excited, not unfrequently undergoes transmutation, and changes into love—a result, with a rather remarkable illustration of which I am about to present you.

Returning from a party one night about eleven o'clock, in the autumn of 1810, an unfortunate female accosted me. In reply to a remark which I made, declining her company, she uttered a sentiment which would have done credit to one who had never forsaken virtue. I was struck by it. "A pity," said I, "that a woman who feels as you do, should follow an occupation so degrading!" In reply, she told me it was necessity: that she was unhappy; that she would give worlds to be rescued from her present mode of life. I perceived at once that she was a girl who had received an education, and her manner convinced me that she spoke from her heart. The idea of the Magdalen Hospital occurred to me. I asked her if she would avail herself of the refuge which that institution offered to persons of her description. She declared her readiness to do so; and to put her sincerity to the proof, I proposed that she should instantly abandon her present abode, and take up her residence in mine; where I would place her under the care of a prudent and kind old woman who waited upon me. She looked up inquiringly in my face; and, for a couple of minutes at least, neither of us spoke a word. "Are you serious, Sir?" she at length exclaimed. I felt that I had acted rashly; but something prevented me from profiting by the opening which her question afforded me for retraction. "Yes," said I, "my girl, my roof shall shelter you till you can be admitted into the Magdalen." She made no reply. Unresistingly she allowed me to draw her arm within mine—it was the least suspicious way of walking with her—and in a quarter of an hour she was sitting in my parlour.

I had now leisure and opportunity to observe her. She was an uncommonly beautiful creature. Her eyes were full, and of a deep blue; her eyebrows, two unbroken regular arches, surmounted by an open forehead, sufficiently high, and remarkably smooth and fair. Her face was a perfect oval; with a nose, somewhat between the Grecian and aquiline; whilst an upper and nether lip, where the master line of the artist waved convincingly, composed a mouth of exceeding delicacy and expression. Her cheek was full of softness; but not a trace of the rose that must once have grown there, was on it.—Sorrow had plucked the flower—had taken it up by the roots. Though she wore her gown high at the neck, and her sleeves reached to her wrists, yet I could see that she was finely formed. She appeared to be an inch or two above the middle height; and a slight elevation of the skirt of her gown, as she endeavoured to disengage her handkerchief from her pocket, in order to wipe her brow, which, I saw, was moist with agitation, discovered to me a small, well-formed foot, and a delicately turned ankle. From such a combination of personal requisites, it was impossible not to infer a mind and a heart: indeed the whole demeanor of the poor girl bore testimony to their presence. She entered my parlour as though she had no right to be there. I handed her a seat, but she remained standing; and when I desired her to take it, she scarce occupied a third of the chair. The light seemed intolerable to her; but what I perceived distressed her most, was the presence of my servant. "Mary," said I, addressing the latter, "This is a young friend of mine, whom I have unexpectedly lighted upon, and find in unfortunate circumstances. You shall take care of her for me till I can restore her to her connexions." At this the girl slightly raised her head; I could not see the direction of her eye, but I guessed it. "She will occupy my room, and I shall sleep out. Make her as comfortable as if she were your master's relation." What a look she cast upon me here.—It went to my soul. I bade her good evening, and that night she laid her cheek upon an innocent pillow in my bed; and I took a bed at a friend's.

The next morning I saw her again. There was the same uneasy and reserved demeanor as on the preceding evening. She looked but once at me, and that was when I entered the room; but that once was enough.—She was grateful, though she did not say so. I inquired how she had slept? "Well;" if the servant had made her comfortable? "Yes;" if she regretted the step which she had taken? "No;" if she persevered in her wish to go into the Magdalen? "Yes." After some time I asked her if her parents were alive? She was silent. I repeated the question. She was silent still. After a pause I repeated it again.—She burst into tears. I felt distressed for her, and vexed with myself. "I am sorry," I remarked, "that I inquired after your parents; I fear they are dead." "Well for them if they are, Sir!" she exclaimed—"Well for them if they are!" Alas! that their child should say it!—their girl to whom they gave life, and for the sake of whom it were well for them if they had never been born, for she has brought sorrow and shame upon them!" I never witnessed any thing half so piteous as the agony with which she uttered this. 'Twas thrilling, and I felt too much affected to speak, besides, I thought it best to leave her to herself. Her heart had been oppressed almost to bursting with the feelings which my question had awakened in it; nature had suggested to her the way to ease it; she had given vent to what was labouring within it; and the gush, it left to itself, would keep on. I was not mistaken. "It would have been nothing, Sir," she resumed, "had they been unkind to me—but they loved me, Sir!—I was their only child—the dearer to them for that. Happy for them had they never seen my face! The care they took of me! The pains they bestowed upon me! The sufferings they underwent for me! For two whole months was I once confined to my bed; and night or morning never did I open my eyes, but one or the other of them was watching beside me! And their thankfulness when I recovered, that Heaven had restored their child to them—to break their hearts!" She started up. "I'll go back to the street again!" she exclaimed, "I ought not to be allowed to repent! Repentance is a blessing a wretch like me should not taste of! I'll quit this roof, where I have no business to remain! The roof that is fit for me is that under which vice and infamy are received, and, cursing themselves, take shelter!"—"Stop," said I, "sit down and compose yourself. Just now you know not what you are about.—Compose yourself, and then remain or go as you please, but sit down for the present." She resumed her seat. "Surely," continued I, "one to whom the sense of error seems so intolerable, could never have been a willing trespasser."—She appeared all at once to recover her self-collectedness. She turned full round, and fixing upon me a look, which demanded credit for the truth of what she was going to say, "I was not a willing trespasser, Sir," she exclaimed. "Will you hear my story? Few words will suffice to tell it."

"My parents gave me an education far above their rank in life. I contracted friendships at school, most of which were continued after I had left it. Although my old school-fellows used not often to visit me, yet I was frequently invited to their homes; whither, owing to the humble station and homely manners of my family, I always went alone. Ah, Sir! a young girl just entering upon life, has need of a parent's eye upon her! My parents were flattered by my being admitted into society so much above me, and always, on my return, inquired what gentleman had paid attention to me; for it constantly ran in their heads that I should marry a man of rank or fortune. This made me sapring.—Good souls! it was only their love for me. Well, Sir, attentions I certainly did receive from gentlemen; and many a fine thing was said to me; but there was one who was particularly assiduous in his civilities. He used to make a point of seeing me home. He always contrived to find out what parties I was invited to; and if he happened not to be one of the company, he was nevertheless sure to call for me when it was time to break up. He professed a passion for me, but for certain reasons, which he told me I should learn hereafter, he begged that I would keep his addresses a secret, and I did so. Oh, Sir! young creatures are fools who keep such things a secret; especially from those who, they know, sincerely love them. Had I confided in my parents, I might—I might—"

Here she could not go on for weeping. Presently, however, she proceeded, "I cannot relate the circumstances, Sir.—He was a villain! He was a coward! O that my body had been only as strong as my heart! He ought not to have lived, Sir! But shame is sometimes more powerful than revenge.—I durst not tell the tale,—I durst not show my face at home again. I was soothed, too, with promises of instant reparation. It was postponed, and postponed again; and at last flatly refused. I dared to reproach, and suffered the penalty of my presumption in his utter desertion of me. I had now been three months from home. Two days did I remain in the apartment where he had parted from me without ever undressing myself to lie down, or even so much as tasting food! On the third, the mistress of the house came in to demand the week's rent. He had left me without a shilling, Sir! What was I to do? I tremblingly confessed my inability to pay her. She would not believe me, accused me of falsehood and dishonesty, ordered me instantly to quit the house, and even pushed me violently towards the door. I was desperate, Sir!—'Twas night,—I rushed from the house without bonnet, cloak, shawl, or any other kind of street covering, and flung myself upon the town! My parents!—I know nothing about my parents! For five years I have neither gone near them, nor inquired after them. I suppose I have killed them! and if I have—so much the better for them, so much the worse for me!" It was a considerable time before I could restore her to any thing like a state of composure. At length she was partly soothed. I learned from her the address of her parents, and promised forthwith to make inquiries after them; and, if they lived, to see them and speak with them. I then left her, having first exacted a solemn promise that she would not attempt to quit the house till my return.

I set out on my errand instantly. I cannot describe my feelings, as I drew near their abode. Should the poor girl's worst fears have been realized! I forgot to mention that, several years before her misfortune, they had retired, she told me, from business; and resided in a respectable house, at H——. I took a stage, and was there in little better than an hour. When I reached the house, I took a brief survey of the outside, as though I could gather from its looks whether or not its former inmates were its present ones. At length I lifted the knocker with a beating heart. 'Twas answered—all was right! My agitation, however, did not subside when the servant maid desired me to walk up into the little drawing room, where the desolate old couple were sitting. To me, who had heard the relation of their child, it was not difficult to read her story in their faces—sorrow had traced them all over. I don't recollect how I introduced my business, but I opened it as carefully as I could, to prevent the shock of a too sudden communication. As I went on, by degrees, I came to the point—I had come to speak about their child. From this moment neither the one nor the other of them spoke or stirred, whilst I went on with my story; but each bent an earnest, anxious, searching gaze upon me, which nothing but conscious integrity, both in intention and act, as to the errand I had come upon, could have enabled me to encounter.—When I had concluded, they still remained motionless and silent, and I was beginning to feel my situation an exceedingly uneasy one; when the female rose slowly from her seat, and tottering towards me, with the infirmity, as I thought, of age, fell suddenly on her knees before me, and the next moment was stretched in a swoon upon the floor. This had the effect of rousing the father, who started from his seat and assisted me in raising his wife. The servant was called, and she and her master conveyed the still insensible mother to her chamber, which was only the next room.

In little more than ten minutes he returned.—He made a motion with his hand, as if he was either unwilling or unable to speak to me. I took the hint and prepared to depart. He opened a room door for me, to show me down stairs. As I descended, I recollected that I had accomplished only the half of my errand. I stopped and turned round—"You'll see your child, I hope!" said I. He made no answer, either by word or look. I slowly descended another stair or two, and paused again; "Sir," said I, "your child was the victim, not of a seducer, but of a ruffian!—She is a penitent; she loves you, and her heart is breaking with remorse for the misery she has caused you! Will you not see her?" My second appeal was as fruitless as my first. He never opened his lips, but kept them firmly pressed together. Without interchanging a word with me, he saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and stepping on smartly before me, he hastily opened the street door. I paused a third time. "You are a father, Sir," said I, "and you know your own duty best. Your child repents her of her errors, and is willing to abjure them forever; but so strong is her sense of the wrong she has inflicted upon her mother and upon you, she doubts the practicability of penitence. How far your inflexibility may confirm her in her misgivings, I do not pretend to calculate. I have only my own duty to answer for,—I have taken her under my protection, and I will save her if I can!" Saying this, I was in the act of passing out when I felt myself arrested, and firmly though tremulously grasped by the hand. I turned round, and saw in the old man's countenance the workings of the father's soul, struggling in defiance of nature, to preserve the man. The contest had been kept up till the last moment; it was impossible to maintain it longer—his tears were gushing—he drew me back into the hall and put to the door. "I thank you, Sir," said he, "an old broken hearted father thanks you. I'll see my child, and tell her so—I'll see her to-morrow; for her mother is unable to accompany me to your house to-day,—and tell her we forgive her, Sir! She has indeed afflicted us!—shamed us; but we have nothing else to live for,—she was our all, Sir; and, fallen as she is, she is still our all. Although she could forget that she was our child, she shall find that we are still her parents, Sir." His voice here was entirely overpowered by his feelings, and precipitately retreating to the end of the hall, he sat down upon the stair-foot, and sobbed as if his heart would burst. I could not stay any longer. I let myself out and hastened home.

The manner in which the poor girl received the intelligence that her parents were yet alive—that she should see them, and be forgiven by them—may be easily imagined; and I shall leave it to be so, as well as what took place upon her meeting with them; on which occasion, not daring to take her home with them, lest their tenderness for her should induce them to dispense with the course of probation to which she had consented to submit, and which they had the good sense to see was necessary, they enjoined her to remain under my protection: and solemnly assured her, that when her term of seclusion should have expired, they would joyfully receive her, and employ every means in their power to render her contented and happy.

It was upwards of three weeks before there was a board of managers or directors, at the hospital. The first that took place her case was inquired into; she was pronounced to be a proper object for the benefit of the charity, and a day was appointed for her admission. Although I never slept in the house during her residence in it, yet I constantly saw her—for I had no apprehension for myself—and sometimes sat and talked with her for two or three hours together. But I ought to have had apprehensions for her—not that I was a coxcomb, and attributed any merit to my face or person; but because, when you once get admittance into the mind of a woman, and possess her confidence, the chance is you are not many doors off from her heart—especially when you approach her with kindness and protection, to which she has been long unaccustomed. You will laugh at the idea of a young fellow of two-and-twenty playing the ghostly counsellor to a fair penitent—for fair indeed, as I said, she was—of something less than the same ago; but it was truly the case. And he played the part honestly, too, and well; as her cheeks would have convinced you, had you seen her tears roll down them, as more than once or twice they did, when he descanted upon the savage cruelty of compassing a young woman's destruction, for the sake of a heartless triumph. If there appears to be any mystery in the thing, one brief sentence will unravel it—I was engaged at the time. She used to listen to me at first with fixed attention, presently with interest, and that interest grew deeper and deeper every day. Her heart was evidently already more than half reformed, and had begun to taste the relish of a sinless life. During the third week, each day, when I entered the room, her eyes sparkled with the welcome of pleasure; and I could perceive, from a slight confusion in her movements, and from her hurried manner of addressing me, that she had been upon the watch, listening for my approach. Between the board's approval of her, however, and her reception into the establishment, there was a change which I was chagrined to remark, because I thought it argued regret for the step which she had taken. She tried, indeed, to look composed and cheerful, and she did so; but it was with an effort which too clearly showed that her heart had no participation in the act. I sat and conversed with her daily as usual; but though I accosted her with greater kindness than ever, she was constantly abstracted. To be immured for twelve months, without once being allowed to set foot out of doors, was certainly rather a dismal prospect to a young creature of scarcely one-and-twenty. I endeavoured all I could to reconcile her to it. She made light of it, and emphatically wished that, instead of twelve months, it were to be for twelve years! "She should like it all the better!" I dwelt upon the comfort that she would enjoy, when she returned home to her father and mother. The anticipation seemed to awaken any thing but a pleasurable feeling; she would turn from me to wipe away a tear. I had made her a present of a book, which, I told her, I wished her particularly to read. The next day I found her sitting with it, closed, upon her knees. Her hand was on it, and her eyes were red, evidently with weeping. It could not have been at the book, for it was of a cheerful, though a moral nature. The day before her departure for the hospital, her father and mother dined with her. I looked in, in the evening, and perceived that sorrow and anxiety were strongly painted in their faces.—She was the very picture of desolation. They spoke to her in the most affectionate manner, and used every argument to cheer and encourage her. She scarcely noticed them, but sat without moving, and looked as if, every moment, she would burst into tears. I felt mortified—almost angry. I did not speak a word to her. Upon their taking leave of her, I saw them down stairs without bidding her good night: but I had left my hat in the room, the servant had stepped out, and I was obliged to return for it myself. The door was a-jar, and I entered the room without her perceiving me. She was sitting at the table, upon which her arms were folded, and her head was reposing upon her arms. I stood still, for a picture was before me. That day she had dressed herself for the first time. She wore a lilac gown with short sleeves, and a rather low neck, displaying a pair of arms and shoulders of exceeding symmetry and fairness. Alas! they were riches that had little blessed their owner! I sighed heavily at the thought. She started, looked at me, and shrieked—at the same moment, and, running towards me, fell at my feet! I lifted her up in amazement. She seemed ready to faint, and caught at my shoulder. I supported her firmly in my arms. She burst into a passion of tears, and hid her face in my breast; then suddenly disengaging herself, broke from me, and rushed out of the room! I was utterly confounded. I threw myself into a chair, and knew not what to think.

I believe I had remained a quarter of an hour in the same attitude, my arms folded, and my feet crossed, when the door opened. It was she. She no longer wept. Her eyes were cast upon the ground. Her cheek was flushed, but her air was composed. "I have come back, Sir," said she, I have come back to ask your pardon." I desired her to come in, for she remained standing at the door. She obeyed me, hesitatingly; and sat down at a distance from me, upon the first chair she came to. "I am a poor unhappy girl, Sir," said she, "and I hope you will forgive me." I told her there was nothing to forgive. "But there is, Sir," she rejoined, "there is much to forgive!—too much! I am the object of your charity.—You have snatched me from a life of infamy. How dare I feel any thing but thankfulness? and yet for the last three days you must have thought me discontented and ungrateful." I told her I never suspected her of ingratitude, but that I had remarked she had been unhappy. "I have been unhappy, Sir," and I must be unhappy! I had no conception till now of the extent of my ruin—or of the nature of my own heart. I feel that it was capable of loving virtue—O! of how devotedly loving it! but love it now as it may, to the virtuous that heart can never be an object of value. A gulf, Sir;—a gulf is placed between me and the good—in this world—a broad—a deep—an impassable gulf!—God forgive him that made it for me! and pity me that fell a victim to his designs! I was not on my guard, Sir! I was only turned of seventeen!—a poor, weak, foolish, trusting thing, that knew not herself nor the world!" She uttered this, without once lifting her eyes; nor was there the slightest appearance of emotion, until she alluded to her girlhood, when her voice faltered a little, and a short pause or two indicated that it was a struggle whether she should keep in her tears, or let them flow. I felt an indescribable uneasiness, and durst not trust myself to speak. After an interval she continued, "But I am not ungrateful, Sir; God knows my heart, I am not ungrateful!—O! that I could prove it to you! What would I stop at?—what would I hesitate to sacrifice?—Not my life, Sir;—no, not my life! You are the only man that ever showed me kindness, out of kindness—for myself—out of true charity! I thought the best of men—ay, the very best—were selfish, Sir; till Heaven threw you in my way! I know not how to account for it, but while I talked with you that night, I had a feeling of safety in your presence, such as I never felt in the society of man before. And I have been now upwards of three weeks in your house—at your mercy, to use as you pleased—and I have been treated with nothing but respect by you!—I that have no title to respect!—that have been little accustomed to it!—O! how have I not been used!—The insults, Sir!—the treatment!—You could not practise it, or conceive it. It has made me wish myself dead a thousand times! I never met with protection from your sex, until I met with it from you! From whom shall I meet with it when I leave you—never—never to see you more!"

I told her she was in error there; that, in the place to which she was going, she would meet with the greatest attention and kindness; and that, as to her never seeing me again, that was not a necessary consequence of our parting at present; that, at all events, she should find a friend in me if ever she needed one; and that I should assuredly see her, as soon as her twelve-month of seclusion was complete. "Twere better not, Sir," she rejoined, "'twere better not!" and in a tone so touchingly impressive, that my heart throbbed. The idea struck me fully, for the first time, that I had excited an interest in the heart of the girl, such as she had never felt before. We both sat silent for a time. At length she drew a sigh that seemed to come from the bottom of her heart, and breathed again, as it were to herself, "'twere better not." Was she acting? The life of infamy she had led recurred to me—the arts of women of abandoned character—the proverbial difficulty of ever thoroughly reforming them. "My girl," said I, "what do you mean?" She made no reply; but averting her face, she sat with her back half towards me, her elbow upon the back of the chair, and her hand supporting her head. "Ellen," said I, "I have dealt with you honestly, hitherto, and honestly I will deal with you to the last; I am convinced that you are sorry at having consented to go into the Magdalen. 'Tis still in your power to take that step or not. You have till to-morrow to think of it; and by that time you can make up your mind." She shook her head. "You wrong me, Sir," said she; "to-morrow I shall go into the Magdalen." "I am utterly at a loss, then," said I, "how to interpret your conduct. What do you mean by saying that it would be better for me not to see you again? I have no desire to see you, except to be of service to you." "I know it," was her remark. "I know that I am nothing more to you than the beggar in the street, whom your charity relieves with an alms—a large alms, Sir, have you given to me!" I felt as if her reply was a reproof for the observation which had elicited it. "Not so, Ellen," said I. "You never asked an alms of me; I spontaneously proffered you service, and was more than repaid by your accepting it." "Why," said she, "why do you talk to me thus? But for you, to whom might I have been listening to-night? To a profligate! perhaps an inebriated brute;—accosting me in language—O, how different from that which for the last three weeks has been addressed to me under your generous roof!—language which, depraved as I was, I never could hear without loathing!—instead of a man!"—She uttered that word, as though she had thrown her whole soul into it—and stopped short, keeping her face still averted. "Come, Ellen," said I, "we must not part to-night without understanding each other. From your manner now, as well as what has already passed, it strikes me as if you would have me infer that I am not indifferent to you. If that is your meaning, don't deceive yourself—don't deceive me." Scarce had I uttered the last word, when she turned full round upon me. No tongue ever vented reproach with half the eloquence that the look did, which she gave me. Her tears had been streaming all the time since she had last sat down; to prevent me from suspecting that she had been weeping, she had not attempted to wipe them; and they were trickling down her neck and into her bosom. She kept her eyes fixed upon me for a minute or two; then, suddenly starting upon her feet, with one hand she clasped her forehead, and waiving the other to me, without speaking, precipitately approached the door; which, in her trepidation, she bolted instead of opening.

I followed her to it. I saw that I had deeply wounded her. I entreated her to return to her seat, and compose herself. She neither moved nor spoke, but sobbed convulsively. My heart bled for her—I could have taken her to my bosom if I durst. "Ellen," said I, at the same moment unbolting the door, "good night—I shall not see you again before you leave me. I fear I have displeased you, but, indeed, I did not mean it; and I entreat your pardon!" She shrank at the word "pardon."—"Good night," I resumed. "Under God, the most efficient friend you can meet with is yourself—if you can determine to become, and remain, your own friend. Should you ever require assistance from another, be sure to apply to me. I shall always take an interest, Ellen, in your happiness, and, to the utmost of my power, will promote it. She slowly passed into the lobby, and ascended the first stair of the flight that led to her chamber, and stood there. I bade her good night again; and held out my hand to her. She did not offer to take it. Her forehead was still clasped by her hand, which, partly covering her eyes, prevented her, I think, from noticing the action. "My girl," said I, "once more good night. I shall not see you to-morrow. I know what I said before you left the room has offended you. We part to-night for a year. Heaven knows what may happen in that time! Shake hands with me, good girl, in token that I am forgiven!" Just at that moment the latch-key was turned in the street door. She started, and clasping her hands, stood a moment or two with her eyes straining mournfully upon mine. She leaned towards me till I thought she would lose her equilibrium. My heart melted within me; and, yielding to an impulse which I found it impossible to resist, I caught her to my breast, and pressed my cheek and lips to hers. "Good night, dear girl," I said—"good night, and God bless you," and, withdrawing myself from her arms, descended, and left the house.

When I came the next morning, I found her gone. Her parents had taken her to the benevolent abode where she was instantly to enter upon a new course of life; but before she went she left a message, saying that she should ever remember me and pray for me; and hoping that I would sometimes think of her. My servant added, that, upon going up to bed, she found the poor girl sitting upon the foot of the second pair of stairs—the spot where I had left her; that, upon accosting her, she answered more cheerfully than she had done for many days before; and took her hand, and thanked her most gratefully for her attentions to her, at the same time invoking the richest blessings of Heaven upon me; that, when she went to call her, in the morning, she found her in a deep slumber, dreaming, and talking in her sleep, as though she was speaking to me—pronouncing my name, and accompanying it with epithets of the most tender endearment; that after she had been awakened, it was a long time before she left the room; that, when her parents came for her, she lingered till the very last moment, looking anxiously out of the window in the direction in which I was used to come; and that, at her departure, she wept bitterly.—And the good woman further assured me, that upon going up to make the bed, she found the pillow-case so wet—no doubt, she said, with the tears the poor creature had shed upon it—that she could almost have wrung it. "Oh," continued she, "I pity her from the bottom of my heart! I never saw a more quiet, a more kind-hearted, or a more thankful girl—no, nor a sweeter looking!—and the mortification she will have to endure!—That fine head of hair, Sir,"—I forgot to mention that her hair was most luxuriant, and of a shining jet—"She will have to lose it, Sir!—She must part with every lock of it!" I was not aware till then that it was the custom, when a female becomes an inmate of the hospital, to cut the hair close; and I sighed for the poor Magdalen. To say the truth, it was not the lapse of a few days nor weeks that sufficed to get her out of my head—and that my heart had swerved a lot in its loyalty to the fair maid to whom I had plighted it—but t'at I was—somewhat—interested.

This adventure took place in autumn; and autumn came round again without my recollecting that a year had flown. The parents of the Magdalen generally called upon me once a month, and always brought me the most favourable accounts of her conduct; which, they gave me to understand, was so exemplary, as to call forth the highest testimonies of approbation, on the part of the governors of the establishment. Upon such occasions they never failed to dwell upon their deep sense of obligation for the service I had rendered their child; and to assure me that, as far as she was concerned, nothing should ever be wanting to prove to me that my kindness had not been bestowed upon an object that was unworthy of it; that what above all things stimulated her in prosecuting, with assiduity, the work of amendment, which, under my auspices, she had begun, was her anxious desire to gratify me; that, in their interviews with her, I was almost the only subject of her remarks and inquiries; and that they were sure, she never laid her head upon her pillow, nor lifted it from it again, without addressing to Heaven her most fervent supplications for my happiness. Of course I was gratified at hearing all this; I unreservedly expressed my satisfaction at the success which promised to crown our plans for their daughter's restoration to virtue, and, at parting, never failed to charge them with a message to her full of congratulation and encouragement. I little knew what I had done, or was doing.

One day, after an interval rather longer than usual, they paid me their customary visit: when upon inquiring after my young friend, as I used to call her, they informed that her term had expired a fortnight ago; that she quitted the institution, leaving the most favourable impression behind her; and that she would have called upon me, had not her health been greatly impaired by confinement, and by the exertions that she made to surpass the expectations of those who were placed over her, in executing the tasks that had been assigned her; that she had gone into the country to recruit her health, but at her return would take the earliest opportunity of waiting upon me, and thanking me. This was followed by some allusions to the substantial state of their circumstances; and by a declaration that the bulk of their property should go to any young man who would make honourable proposals to their child, now that she was thoroughly reclaimed from the courses into which despair and not inclination had led her. I applauded duly the liberality of their determination; the drift of which, at the time, escaped me.

This happened on a Thursday. Exactly on that day fortnight, as I was sitting in my study, in the act of completing the third page of a letter to a friend, the good woman opened the door, and with a countenance that glowed again with pleasure, informed me that Ellen was in the parlor. I will not deny that there was something like a throbbing at my heart, as I went down stairs.—Our parting scene occurred to me, and as I opened the parlor door, I did not breathe quite so freely as I am wont to do. At first I hardly knew her. It was because all traces of the invalid had vanished. Her nature seemed to have been renewed, as though she had retraced a stage or two of life, and was again in the first, fresh-glowing burst of womanhood!—The spirit of young hope was in her eye, that swam in liquid crystal; and the lily, which all-possessed her cheek when last I saw her, had now made room for the rose, and gained, beyond belief, by what it yielded. Her form, too, had infinitely more of shape; and, without any material increase of bulk, appeared of a richer, firmer roundness.—Such was the impression of the first glance. The second presented to me nothing but a face and a neck—one blush; and a pair of downcast eyes, veiled by a pair of lids, as full and rich as ever drooped over the orbs of woman. I guessed at once how the matter stood. The act of endearment into which my sympathy—say my weakness—betrayed me, when I parted from the poor Magdalen, and the interest which I allowed her to know I subsequently took in her fate, and which, in their communications with her, her parents had perhaps exaggerated; rose up in accusation against me. But my resolution was taken on the instant. I had inadvertently betrayed her into an erroneous impression, as to the state of my feelings towards her; not a moment was to be lost in disabusing her of it. I approached her; and, taking her hand, cordially shook it, and immediately dropped it again; and then, addressing her with an air of kind and unembarrassed frankness, I told her I was glad to see her, and happy at the complete success that had attended the meritorious step which she had taken; and, in that success, was more than rewarded for any little assistance I had rendered her: that I was convinced she would now prove a blessing to her parents; to smooth whose downhill of life was a duty, the discharging of which, I was sure, she would reg

I would have put off—was duly performed, and I became the husband of the most affectionate and virtuous of wives.

I learned subsequently that, from the day of my last interview with the Magdalen, her health rapidly declined; that, notwithstanding, she had been addressed by a man who was considerably older than herself, and who she had peremptorily refused; but, at the earnest supplications of her parents, at last consented to marry.—Many a time have I recalled this striking incident of my life, and never without emotions of a painful nature. Never could I acquit myself of having been blameably instrumental in bringing about the catastrophe which closed the brief and melancholy term of the unhappy girl's existence.—Woman, I have heard some men say, will love upon slight grounds. It may be so. I am sure that when once she really loves, she loves deeply and lastingly; and never shall I hold that man guiltless, who nourishes in her tender breast the hope which he knows cannot meet fulfilment.

Evening Post.

Circulation between 10 and 11 thousand papers weekly.

We are glad to learn, says the National Gazette, that Messrs. Hopfield, Reinhart, Schinlocker, and Charles Hommann, mean to give by subscription a series of quartetts. They purpose to commence on the last Tuesday in the present month, and to pursue the series on every subsequent Tuesday until it be completed. Their terms are 3 dollars for a single subscriber, 5 dollars for a lady and gentleman, and one dollar for each evening, for non subscribers. These gentlemen are all performers of the first order. The return of Mr. Schinlocker, from Germany is a subject of rejoicing for the lovers of music. His superior on the Violoncello has never been heard in this country, and as a composer he is distinguished by genius and originality.

It is suggested to us, that to Macadamise one of the roads leading from the city, to the distance of three or four miles, would be a wise and useful measure. The cost is less than turnpiking or paving. The advantages would be a decisive experiment as to the value of the system, and an easy and smooth road for valetudinarians. At present, riding over our rough streets is an exercise entirely too severe for invalids, and they have no opportunity of reaching smoother, but by travelling them to some distance.

A catalogue of the corporation, faculty and students of Amherst College gives the following totals: Resident Graduates 3—Seniors 39—Juniors 45—Sophomores 50—Freshmen 60. The college appears to be well conducted, and in a flourishing condition.

Petitions calling the attention of Councils to the expediency of lighting the city with Gas, are now in circulation. They will be signed by a large number of citizens, and, it is hoped, the arguments urged will have the effect of inducing measures for the immediate prosecution of this favorite and popular object.

A very destructive fire broke out in Constantinople in the month of August. A correspondent of the Malta Gazette says:—It commenced in an obscure and indigent quarter of the town, and so distant from our residences that we thought we were free from danger, until it burst upon us suddenly by the violence of the wind; transferring its burning embers to various contiguous places, when unfortunately it became too late to save our property. Scarcely any of the most substantial stone residences were able to resist the flames, and I think not more than five or six in the whole range have escaped; whilst it is calculated that about 4000 houses have been consumed. I need hardly say, therefore, that we have saved little more than our clothes, linen, plate, pictures, and mirrors, and indeed we ran the risk of our lives in doing this. Many others have, however, been more unfortunate in losing every thing, being themselves proprietors of the houses which, thank God! were not our own. All the palaces, with the exception of the Austrian Internuncio's, are consumed, and nothing was saved, out of either the English or French palaces; where the destruction of both public and private property has been immense.

Dividends for the last Six Months.

Mechanics' Bank	4 per cent.
Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank	4 "
Kensington Bank	5 "
Southwark Bank	3 "
Commercial Bank	3½ "
Schuylkill Bank	4 "
Penn Township Bank	4 "
Farmers' Bank, Bucks county	4 "
Northern Liberties Bank	5 "
Germantown and Perkiomen Turnpike	4 "
Frankford and Bristol do.	4 "
Chattesham and Willow Grove do.	4 "
Columbia Bridge	$1 50 per share.
West Chester Rail Road	$5 do.

COMMERCIAL.

Few things are more pleasing to the contemplative mind than the successful exertions of those who, being by nature and accident deprived of their limbs, have by increasing endeavours so far overcome the many obstacles that oppose them, as by their industry and skill to have become enabled to obtain an honourable livelihood, and even to excel in many of the useful and elegant branches of finished education.

Of the instances of such ingenious industry, Miss Hewes will (now exhibiting at No. 215 Chesnut street) stands pre-eminent. Born without arms, this young lady has by her native taste and perseverance, acquired the singular talent of cutting with her mouth numerous specimens of watch-papers, landscapes, flowers, mourgays—also, the Lord's prayer. She likewise writes, draws, and sews, with great facility and elegance, and has even finished many specimens of needlework in a style that would do infinite credit to the best embroiderer. She cuts likenesses with the greatest correctness.

Happy, by the expression of the universal satisfaction afforded her numerous visitors, to render the homage due her extraordinary merits, and feeling desirous that all such admirers of female excellence as have not yet gratified themselves with this truly curious and pleasing exhibition, should no longer deprive themselves of the happiness they would enjoy by patronizing an unfortunate, yet amiable and pleasing female in her indefatigable exertions to procure a decent support, I have allowed myself thus publicly to recommend Miss Honey well to the merited encouragement of her own sex in particular, and to all who can appreciate virtuous industry, and female ingenuity and skill.

PHILANTHROPY.

Inspectors of the Prison.

On Monday afternoon the following gentlemen were elected Inspectors of the Prison for the ensuing year:

By the Select and Common Councils.—Thomas Roney, Peter Fritz, James M. Linnard.

By the Commissioners of the N. Liberties.—George N. Baker, Chrystian Stam.

By the Commissioners of Southwark.—Joel B. Sutherland, Wm. G. Alexander.

At a meeting of the Board of Inspectors held last evening, the following gentlemen were elected officers:

President—George N. Baker.

Treasurer—John Bell.

Principal Keeper of the Walnut street Prison—Israel Deacon.

Principal Keeper Arch street—Jacob Reakirt.

Deputies, Arch street—John M'Daniel, Furman Black, Thomas Lewellyn.

PUBLIC DEBT.

Statement of the Public Debt of the United States.

Amount unredeemed on the 1st Jan. 1831	$39,123,191 67
Redeemable as follows:	
At the pleasure of the Government, viz:	
Three per cents	$13,296,397 57
Five per cents	4,000,000 00
Four and a half per cent. after six months' notice, part of subscription to the Bank of the U. States	1,539,336 16
Unfunded debt	40,729 60
	$18,876,463 33
After the 31st Dec. 1831:	
Four and a half per cents	2,000,000 00
After 1st Jan. 1832:	
Four and a half per cent	5,000,000 00
Five per cents	950,999 00
After 31st Dec. 1832:	
Five per cents	56,764 77
Four and a half per cents	2,927,363 97
After 31st Dec. 1833	
Four and a half per cents	2,927,363 98
After 1st Jan. 1835:	
Five per cents	4,735,295 20
	$39,123,191 67

Thirty-three thousand bone mackerel were taken in a net at one haul, a few days since, little above the Dry Dock, N. Y.

(Reported for the Saturday Evening Post.)

CITY POLICE.

Several young men, boarders at Congress Hall, and students of the University, were taken before the Mayor, about noon on Monday last, charged with a riot at Wells', and assault and battery on several persons connected with the house. A dispute appears to have arisen between one or two of the young men and the proprietor of Congress Hall, on account of the latter refusing them liquor, when they were already in a state of inebriation. Their impertinence to Mr. Wells, in consequence of this denial, induced that gentleman to order their departure from the house, which they resented by striking him. The porters and others who attempted to aid their landlord, were severely beaten by several students who came to the assistance of their friends. Hinton, a porter, was knocked down and jumped on, and narrowly escaped, as he thinks, with his life. Dirks were drawn and flourished over the heads of those who interfered, and the police officers were necessary to quell the disturbance. $2000 bail was demanded by the Mayor for each person implicated.

The mystery which enveloped the recent murder of a respectable citizen, named John J. M'Chesney, has been cleared away by the indefatigable zeal and diligence of our police officers; the facts connected with that affair appear to be as follows. On Wednesday evening of last week, at an early hour, Mr. M'Chesney entered the oyster cellar at the corner of Cherry and Sixth streets, kept by Owen O'Reilly, for the purpose of procuring a few oysters. While obtaining them, and in the course of conversation with O'Reilly, he mentioned that he was going up town to see a Mr. —— M'Ilvaine, a lumber merchant, on business. He was immediately interrupted by a man named James Ross, who had been sitting in one of the boxes, and who, staggering up to M'Chesney, asked—"What have you against M'Ilvaine?" M'Chesney answered that he had nothing against him; but he had business with him. Ross replied—"You are a d—d liar; for I keep his books, and your name is not in them." M'Chesney said—"I can't help it, if you do keep his books: I have business with him for all that." Ross again called him a d—d liar. M'Chesney said he did not like such language; and that he would resent it if Ross were a gentleman. Ross then struck him, and a scuffle ensued. M'Chesney went out on the pavement; Ross followed him, knocked him down in the street, jumped upon him several times, and then ran off. M'Chesney was picked up and carried to a tavern in the neighbourhood. Having been washed, he was taken to O'Reilly's cellar, where he was bled. He was then sent home in a hackney coach. He languished till about 3 o'clock the next day, and then died.

Ross has been committed for trial at the next court of Oyer and Terminer.

A fellow calling himself James Weaver, or Weer, was arrested on Monday evening, by a citizen, in the act of purloining hats from Mr. David S. Freeland's store, in Market street. He was committed to prison.

To the Editor of the Saturday Evening Post.

MATRIMONIAL INTRIGUE, AND CAUTION TO MAGISTRATES.

On Saturday evening, a respectable young woman who had only been entangled in the silken cords of matrimony for the space of six months, appeared before Squire P——o to exhibit a complaint against her "*lord and master*," for neglect, he having utterly deserted her—and also to obtain an order against him for a weekly allowance, towards her maintenance and support. The lady, after a good deal of *Chimmalcaver*, suggested something in the shape of separation bonds; but the worthy magistrate observed, that under existing circumstances he could not possibly accede to her request—He, however, ultimately ordered the young "*knight of the cleaver*" to pay to his loving wife the sum of one dollar weekly, and took bail in one hundred dollars for his appearance at the office on the Monday morning following.

At the time and place appointed, the youngster, accompanied by several of his friends, made his appearance, when he was required to find bail in two hundred dollars for his appearance at court. On hearing this, his friends immediately left the office in search of the necessary sureties. During their absence the unsuspecting squire thoughtlessly stepped into the next room for something which he happened just then to be in want of, and *left the defendant alone!* The latter, thinking no doubt that "*leg bail*" would prove the best, and would be the most easily obtained, seized the golden opportunity, and cleared himself before you could have said *Jack Robinson!* The surprise and mortification of the Squire, on his return to the office, to find that his prisoner had *hopp'd the ring*, may be far better conceived than expressed. However, as the old story runs, "*force is medicine for a mad dog*," and he could do nothing more than bite his lips in silence, and submit with as good a grace as possible. If report be correct, the nimble gentleman is by this time much nearer to New Orleans, than to Philadelphia. How true the following words of the poet:

"Let not the *lassie*, though a wife,
Bid all her fears adieu;
Comforts there are in married life,
But—*There are crosses too.*"

HINT TO THE CHARITABLE.

The best institutions under heaven are liable to occasional abuse, and so also are the donations of the benevolent, as the following statement, true to the letter, will most abundantly prove.—A certain individual, who is in the constant habit of making excursions into the City, for the purpose of levying contributions upon the charitably disposed, returned home on Friday evening last, from his accustomed tour, bringing along with him, as the fruits of his industry, one pair of boots, one vest, one pair of "*inexpressibles*," and a certain sum in good hard cash, the love of which, we are told, is the root of all evil. Now mark this fellow's conduct: On his arrival at home, he lost no time in procuring a quantity of that accursed product of the still, termed *Rum*, and dosed himself therewith, until he became a complete madman. He then proceeded—*secundum ingenium*—to insult and abuse his harmless and inoffensive partner in life; her whom he had solemnly promised both to love and to cherish. After some time he took his station at the door, and addressed every individually who had the misfortune to pass that way, in language of the most indecent and obscene description, and persevered in his infamous course for a considerable length of time.—Such things most certainly ought not to be; neither ought such worthless characters ever to have the means placed in their hands of "*putting an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains.*"

The individual above alluded to, is certainly to indigent circumstances, and unable to obtain a living by his own manual exertions. He is, in my opinion, a fair subject for the "*Union Benevolent Association*" to operate upon. I read with great pleasure the observations respecting that association contained in the Post of Saturday last: I trust it will be efficiently supported, and it cannot fail to be productive of the happiest results to society in general. MEDICUS.

Reported for the Pennsylvania Inquirer.

BREACH OF PROMISE.

District Court, Nov. 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th, before Judge Hallowell and a Special Jury.

Anne Rees vs. Jacob Rudy.

This was an action brought to recover damages for a breach of promise of marriage, and the circumstances and commencement of the acquaintance of the parties, as detailed in evidence, appeared as follows:

Miss Catharine Rees, sister to the plaintiff, testified that in August, 1829, while she and her sister were taking a walk out Fourth street, they were accosted by the defendant and another gentleman, who joined them; that the defendant inquired where they resided, and on their reply, informed them that he was a near neighbour; that they stopped at the Cottage Garden, and got some refreshments, he remarking that there was no harm in it, as he was a neighbour. At this garden the other gentleman left them, when the defendant observed that the reason of his leaving them was, that he did not think it right to accompany them, as he was a married man, adding, so was I once, but I buried my wife, and always thought I would wait a year, but (addressing the plaintiff) I have fallen in love with you, and changed my mind. When they arrived home, he requested permission to visit them, which was granted. His visits became frequent and uninterrupted, he and the plaintiff going out to take a walk or ride on different occasions. One evening he came in and handed a letter to plaintiff, saying he would make her a present of it, and immediately he went out. On reading it, plaintiff exclaimed, "My God, what have I done, that any one should write so against me!" 'Twas an anonymous letter, addressed to plaintiff, and signed "A well wisher," stating the plaintiff to be of a very violent temper, totally unfit to succeed the wife he had lost; this was accompanied by a note from defendant to plaintiff in German, the translation of which is as follows: "This letter is plainly written, and convinces me of its truth; I have therefore changed my mind, and don't intend to come again." Plaintiff wrote to defendant, who replied in writing; he afterwards came again as usual, remarking that the neighbourhood had tried hard to break the match, but he did not intend they should glory in it. His visits were constant for some length of time, till one evening, when he told plaintiff that his sister-in-law objected to his marrying her, and therefore he could not do it. Plaintiff afterwards wrote to defendant, who replied, telling her to meet him at church, which she did. He went home with her from church, and again repeated the objection of his sister-in-law, and in the course of the conversation which ensued, told her not to write for him or expect him any more. She complained of his treatment, and received the cavalier reply, that 'she could do just as she pleased.' He came once afterwards, and remonstrated with her for going to law, observing that it would be a disgrace, to which she replied, that it would be no greater disgrace than to be slurred by the neighbours, as she now was. He said she was plenty young enough to get somebody, and what one did not want, another would be glad to get, and then took his leave. He never asked the parents' consent, wishing the marriage to be done slyly. The plaintiff is now in her twenty-first year, is a milliner, in the Northern Liberties, where the defendant, who is a comb maker, also resides.

Several other witnesses were called by plaintiff, who proved that they had often seen defendant at plaintiff's house.

The defendant declined examining any witnesses, and the respective counsel addressed the jury, a full review and recapitulation of the evidence being taken *pro* and *con*.

For the plaintiff it was contended that the case was fully made out, as laid in the declaration; that there were two requisites to be established to entitle the plaintiff to a verdict, *viz.*—1st, that there was a contract of marriage; 2dly, if there was such a contract, that it was broken by defendant. It was argued that these were fully made out, and that the plaintiff was entitled to heavy damages for the injury sustained to her health, her reputation, and to herself; that an extraordinary and aggravated case had been presented against the defendant, without the slightest extenuation or justification on the part of the defendant. It was also remarked that the defence was conducted in a novel style, as witnesses were in court, and yet none examined in defendant's behalf; that its extraordinary character was only equalled by the novel and unusual style of *scoring* practiced by the defendant.

For the defendant, it was contended that the case was not of the aggravated description represented by the plaintiff's counsel; that the defence did not require the examination of any testimony, as had been at first anticipated, the plaintiff's case being weak and not requiring any defence; that the principal and only important witness on behalf of the plaintiff was her sister, liable to a prejudice and bias, created by affection and the ties of nature, from which the purest could not protect themselves; that the case showed an *almost unity* of existence between the sisters, who were always together, on every occasion alluded to; that the testimony of the principal witness *could* not be correct; that however pure she be, yet it is the fallacy of opinion to which all human nature is liable, that persuades a belief of things, existing only in imagination, in which a witness has an interest, strong in passion and feeling; that the whole affair was a foolish transaction, (as love affairs generally are,) approaching almost to childishness; that the damages (if any) should be merely compensatory, and only to such amount as the plaintiff had sustained injury, and that, as the case presented itself, no great injury accrued to the plaintiff, either to her health, her reputation, or her future prospects.

His honour, Judge Hallowell, charged the Jury that the case was fully made out by the plaintiff; that an engagement and promise of marriage, and subsequent breach by the defendant, were clearly established, and that the defendant should answer in damages, the measure of which was the peculiar province of the Jury.

On Monday, the Jury returned with a verdict for plaintiff, with three hundred and fifty dollars damages.

For Plaintiff.—John M. Scott and S. Keemle, Esquires.

For Defendant.—George M. Dallas and S. Rush, Esquires.

The following is an extract of a letter, dated Mobile, October 21, 1831—

"There has been some excitement here within the last few days, in consequence of a discovery at Claiborne, of a plot among the Negroes in that neighborhood, for an extensive insurrection.—The people there were armed, and had apprehended a great number of the Negroes. About twenty are in jail. The plan, it seems, was to have been as extensive and general as possible, for a simultaneous rising on Christmas day; and in the mean time plans were to be extended thro' the religious meetings of the Negroes—and there is but very little doubt that their organization was already known through this section of the country among the blacks. The secret was betrayed by a slave at Claiborne. Our city guard has been increased, and various precautions taken: however, we feel that there is little or no danger here. Our Creole population is so intimately connected with the slaves, and being slave owners, hardly any thing of the kind would escape their knowledge; and they are as much interested to prevent an insurrection as the whites."

PETERSBURG, Va. Nov. 4.

CAPTURE OF NAT TURNER.—It is with much gratification we inform the public, that the sole contriver and leader of the late insurrection at Southampton, concerning whom such a hue and cry has been kept—the murderer, *Nat Turner*, has at last been taken and safely lodged in prison.

It appears that on Sunday morning last, Mr. Phipps, having his gun, and going over the lands of Mr. Francis, (one of the first victims of the hellish crew,) came to a place where a number of pines had been cut down, and perceiving a slight motion amongthem, cautiously approached, and when within a few yards, discovered the villain who had so long eluded pursuit, endeavoring to ensconce himself in a kind of cave, the mouth of which was concealed with brush. Mr. P. raised his gun to fire, but Nat hailed him and offered to surrender. Mr. P. ordered him to give up his arms; Nat then threw away an old sword, which it seems was the only weapon he had. The prisoner, as his captor came up, submissively laid himself on the ground, and was thus securely tied—not making the least resistance!

Mr. P. took Nat to his own residence, where he kept him until Monday morning—and having apprised his neighbors of his success, a considerable party accompanied him and his prisoner to Jerusalem, where, after a brief examination, the culprit was committed to jail.

Our informant, (one of our own citizens who happened to be in the county at the time,) awards much praise to the people of Southampton for their forbearance on this occasion. He says that not the least personal violence was offered to Nat—who seemed, indeed, one of the most miserable objects he ever beheld—dejected, emaciated, and ragged. The poor wretch, we learn, admits all that has been alleged against him—says that he has at no time been five miles from the scene of his atrocities; and that he has frequently wished to give himself up, but could never summon sufficient resolution!

Mr. Phipps, as the sole captor of Nat, is alone entitled to the several rewards (amounting in the aggregate, as we understand, to about eleven hundred dollars) offered by the commonwealth and different gentlemen, for his apprehension: and we are told that in this instance Fortune has favored a very deserving individual—to whom, in addition to the pleasure arising from the recollection of the deed, the money derived from it will not be unacceptable.—*Intelligencer.*

We should give as we would receive—cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation: for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.

An aged man, named Amos Root, was, on Saturday last, most horribly beaten by a club or some other weapon, which must have caused his almost immediate death. A young man of the name of Jeremiah Orton, about twenty-five years of age, we understand, at a gathering of a number of people to raise a coal-pit, in the south-west corner of Norfolk, near the Canaan line, had had a quarrel with a son of Mr. Root, at which he interfered and separated them. On the breaking up of this party, Orton, who was armed with a heavy club, asked old Mr. Root to go off with him on a different path from the rest of the company, to come up with them in a short time, which the former did, but without the latter.—Root not returning that night, nor Sunday, on Monday morning search was made, and his body found near the by-path, with his head mangled and his neck broken—and marks of blood discovered upon the ground where the body appeared to have been dragged a few rods. Orton was apprehended, underwent an examination before Judge Pettibone, and has been committed to prison to await his trial in February next. Both parties, at the time of the alleged transaction, it is said, were in a state of intoxication.—*Litchfield (Conn.) Enquirer.*

EXPLOSION AND DEATH.

A most distressing occurrence took place yesterday a little before one o'clock, at the powder magazine at the extreme eastern verge of this city. The building lately contained about one hundred and forty kegs of powder, which being deemed unsafe, was removed during Tuesday and yesterday morning to the magazine of Fort Wayne, with the exception of one hundred and fifty or two hundred pounds damaged, that was emptied into a half rice tierce, the coopering of which, it is thought, elicited a spark and caused the whole to explode. The concussion was felt in all parts of the town, and an immense cloud or white smoke soon explained the cause. The building (brick) was driven to pieces, and fragments thrown in every direction, to the distance of two hundred yards, and we cannot to say, every person within it (five in number, as far as yet ascertained) instantly killed, and their bodies and limbs thrown to a great distance by the powerful agent. The end of the building was hurled against the Artillery Old Laboratory (brick) about fifteen feet distant, which crushed it, and the roof being of wood, caught fire and burnt with the other wood work. The large building contained no shells. The number of persons killed by this awful event is seven, five within and two without the building, as follows:

Henry W. Starr, constable, who was aiding and superintending the removal.

Four colored coopers, two men and two boys, from who were engaged putting the kegs in order.

A white child, about five years old, outside, son of Mrs. Johnson, who formerly kept a public boarding house on the Bay. The mother, Mrs. J. was also outside, near the building, and is much burnt and severely bruised, but may recover.

A black boy, who was playing not far distant. He died in about an hour.

The sight, after the accident, was the most revolting we have ever witnessed. The bodies of two, and detached parts of the bodies of two more of the sufferers, have been found, together, with another body, which it is hardly possible to identify as black or white, from the effects of the fire from whence it was drawn in the afternoon, but is supposed to be Mr. Starr's, as the others employed in the work were before accounted for.

Mrs. Johnson died of her wounds yesterday about five o'clock.—*Savannah Georgian.*

From the Bellefonte (Ohio.) Gazette.

IMPORTANT INDIAN NEWS.

We learn that on Wednesday last, Mr. Gardiner, the commissioner on the part of the United States, concluded a preliminary agreement in writing, with the Chiefs of the Wyandot tribe of Indians, for a cession of all their lands in Ohio, on terms similar to the treaties made with the other Indian tribes in this State, during the past summer. The final conclusion of a complete treaty depends solely on the report, to be made by an exploring Delegation to the Wyandots, now on their way to examine the country designed for them, west of the State of Missouri. The Delegation, six in number, conducted by William Walker, Esq. of Upper Sandusky, passed through this town on Friday afternoon. Mr. Gardiner accompanies them as far as Cincinnati, to furnish the necessary funds for the expenses of their party.

It is said that the tract of country assigned to the Wyandots, which lies on the Missouri river, opposite the mouth of the Kansas, is highly fertile, and in every respect calculated to supply their wants; and there is little doubt of a favourable report from the Delegation; in which event the completion of a treaty with them may be expected in two or three months. It is expected that the Delegation may return about Christmas.

Although these treaties are necessarily attended with considerable expense to Government, yet we think there is reason to congratulate the people of Ohio on the success which has attended the negotiation with the Indians in this State. By the cession of the Wyandot Reserve, a large and very valuable body of land, now occupied by them, will become the abode of civilization, industry and wealth. The Sandusky plains embrace some of the most beautiful and fertile tracts in the State.

HORRIBLE.—The New York Evening Journal says,—"On Monday evening, at about 8 o'clock, a watchman at the head of Roosevelt street, called upon several citizens for assistance in taking into custody a man who, it was alleged had cut his wife's throat. Four or five persons immediately accompanied the watchman to the spot, which was up a narrow alley in rear of No. 11 Roosevelt, near Chatham street. They found the door fastened, but immediately broke in, when they encountered a fierce-looking foreigner, only half dressed, and furiously brandishing a large bloody knife, with which he had probably committed the murderous deed. The party immediately rushed in, knocked the fellow down, and after a most desperate resistance, succeeded in conveying him to the watch-house. In a corner of the room lay the victim, with her throat cut, horribly gashed, weltering in blood, and groaning as if in the agony of death. Our informant being engaged in assisting to secure the supposed murderer, could only take a slight view of the woman, who seemed somewhat advanced in years. We learn that she still survives, though badly stabbed in the neck, and may possibly recover. The culprit's name is John Moran."

TRIAL FOR MURDER.—At the Oyer and Terminer for Kings county, N. Y. Ogden Edwards, Esq. presiding, came on the trial of Robert Coyle for the murder of his wife in the village of Brooklyn in June last. Witnesses were produced on the part of the prosecution, who testified that the prisoner at that time, without provocation, committed a most brutal and violent assault upon the deceased—kicking and sticking her in various parts of her head and body, so as to produce her death. Two physicians who were examined upon the occasion, testified that, on a *post mortem* examination of the body, a wine glass full of extravasated blood was found near the base of the brain, and that it was an adequate cause of death. On the part of the prisoner, it was contended that the infamous character of the witnesses, who testified as to the assault, rendered them liable to suspicion of guilt, and that their testimony ought not to be taken under any circumstances; that it was a question whether the death resulted from the blows, or from a dose of tobacco juice administered by a *root-Doctor* after the injury was inflicted; and that the prisoner had at times exhibited marks of insanity.

The testimony of the witnesses to the blows, (who have since the affray been committed to the county prison as vagrants) was in some respects corroborated by a Mrs. McNiel, a witness of unimpeached character. The trial occupied the whole day and evening, and was committed to the Jury after midnight. The Jury returned soon after one o'clock with a verdict of manslaughter in the second degree. The punishment for the offence is imprisonment in the State Prison for a term not less than four, nor more than seven years. The counsel for the people were Nathan B. Morse, District Attorney—for the prisoner, B. D. Silliman and T. L. Wells. *N. Y. American.*

A revolution was accomplished in the petty state of Neufchatel on the 14th inst. The active parties in this affair were the country people.—A corps of 800 men, equipped and armed in the environs, marched against the town, and experienced no resistance. The magistrates, who had expected the attack, proceeded the day before to make preparations for defence; but the people of the town, it is said, manifested no disposition to support the cause of the Prussian government. The Urban Guard evacuated the castle, which was immediately occupied by the insurgents. The Prussian authorities retired to Valangin, and the people appointed a provisional government.

The Helvetic Diet has caused the city of Bale and the surrounding communes to be occupied by 4,000 men of the contingents of the several cantons. The Diet, it is supposed, requires a full and entire amnesty for the persons proscribed in January last, which the government of Bale obstinately opposed.

Foreign Intelligence.

By the Thomas Scattergood, arrived at this port from Hamburg.

Extract from the Prussian State Gazette of the 16th Sept.

WARSAW, Sept. 13, 1831.

On the 7th of this month, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the battle before Warsaw began afresh; during the same, General Berg arrived in the city. A convention was signed in the evening, whereupon the Polish army immediately began their retreat to Praga, and on the following day, they marched from Praga to Modlin, after they were entirely collected.

On the 8th the Municipal council of the city issued the following Proclamation. "As the Russian troops will this day enter the residence, by an arrangement which the authorities have concluded, the municipal council considers it to be its duty to relieve the citizens from all anxiety in respect to the safety of their persons and property, but on the other hand, it is confidently expected, that all inhabitants will observe a proper tranquility.

(Signed) OZERSKI, President."

At half past 8 o'clock, on Tuesday morning, at the Jerusalem Barrier, the President of the city of Warsaw, surrounded by a deputation of the Municipal Council, offered bread and salt to his Imperial Highness, the Grand Duke Michael. It pleased his Highness graciously to address this deputation with words of peace, and he rode into the city at the head of the guards, surrounded by a brilliant staff. In Saxon Square, the Grand Duke, addressing the people, said—"Should any of the inhabitants of the residence have any request to make, they will please address themselves directly to me." His Imperial Highness resides in the Royal Palace.

Field Marshal Count Paskewitch arrived in the evening of the same day, and passed the night at the Belvedere.

The troops which entered the city on the 8th consist of the Imperial Foot and Horse Guards, viz: the Probaskens Roe, Moscow, Jager and Cossack regiments of the Lithuanian and Volleymash foot guards, and the Grodno regiment of hussars, which were formerly stationed in Warsaw, returned, but the Pactchian regiment of cuirassiers, and Lithuanian regiment of Ulans, entered the district of Kalisch. Praga was occupied the same day by the Imperial troops.

Two days since a great number of Russian troops of various regiments passed through Warsaw, the music of many regiments playing favourite airs.

The Warsaw Courier, of yesterday, says that a cessation of hostilities will continue for a fortnight, until the decision of his Majesty can be had from St. Petersburgh.

After the Polish army had left Praga, they spent the first night (the 9th) at Tabluwa, on the Modlin road. On Saturday, the 10th, Count Zamvski came into Warsaw, as a deputy from the Polish army. This army is at present at Modlin, and is commanded by Gen. Kibinski.

General Cassimer Malbelowski has resigned the command of the Polish army, but still remains with them.

The Counsellor of State Engel, commissioned to organize a Provisional Government in Poland is expected to-day in Warsaw, and it is said will reside in the Brühl Palace.

General Crukiwicki is still in Warsaw. There is no positive information of the present residence of General Skrzynecki; the probability is, that he is in Gallicia, as the neighbourhood of Cracow.

The President, J. Laszcinski, has published the following:

"In conformity of the Convention, the municipal authority of Warsaw informs the inhabitants of the city, that the Cavalry General, Count Wilt, has been appointed Governor of the Residence Warsaw, and that Major General Baron Korff, is nominated City Commandant; to which authorities the inhabitants can apply in all urgent cases."

The Governor, Count Wilt, lives in the Stadtholder palace, and the office of General Korf is for the present in the senate house. By an order from the Governor General, Count Wilt, the National Guard, and all other persons in possession of arms, are ordered to deposit the same within forty-eight hours at the Arsenal, in the hands of the Director of Artillery, Brigade General Bontemps, under a penalty of being punished by a sentence of a Court Martial.

The officers of high rank, in the National Guard, were presented to the commandant of the city. On Friday, the 9th, sixty of the Guard performed duty.

It is said that 1000 persons will be chosen from the members of the National Guard, to perform military duty in the city.

The Warsaw Courier of the 10th contains the Proclamation of his Majesty the Emperor Nicholas to the Poles of 29th July, with the remark, that it is commissioned to publish the same as still in force. The same print contains the proclamation which Field Marshal Paskewitch issued to the inhabitants of the kingdom of Poland on the passage of the Russian army to the left bank of the Vistula. There are at this moment sixty Generals of the Russian army in Warsaw.

On the night of the 10th, between 11 and 12 o'clock, the criminals imprisoned in the Inquisition House, called the Powder House, attempted to execute a plan they had formed to liberate themselves. The police guard stationed there, assisted by many citizens of the National Guard, made great exertions in overcoming the prisoners. Some shots were fired, which wounded 4 and killed 1 prisoner.

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND.

By the arrival of the packet ship Silas Richards, Captain Holdredge, from Liverpool on the 28th September, the editors of the New-York Courier & Enquirer have received London dates of the 23th, Liverpool of the 26th, and Lloyd's and Shipping Lists to the latest dates.

Our News Boat boarded the Silas Richards about four o'clock, and our papers came to hand at half past eight.

The most important intelligence by this arrival is, the final passage of the Reform Bill in the House of Commons on the morning of the 23d, by a majority of 108. The vote stood—

For the Bill	345
Against it	236
Majority	109

On the same evening it was carried up to the Lords by Lord John Russel, Lord Althorp, and more than one hundred members of the lower house. The particulars will be found in another column.

The great question now is, now agitates the public mind almost to revolution, is, "will the Lords reject it?" Bell's Weekly Messenger of the 24th, says, it will pass by a majority of from 40 to 47, whilst other papers evidently fear it will be rejected. Our private correspondent says, that, although Lord Wellington is pledged to vote against the bill, he will give his proxies—about 13 in number—in favor of its passage. If this is so, there can be but little doubt of the result.

Meetings have been held in all parts of the country, in favor of Reform. That in London, at which the Lord Mayor presided, is said to be the most respectable that could be assembled throughout Europe, for wealth, commercial importance, and intelligence. In remarking on this meeting, the Times says,—"*The crisis indeed in our political condition has now become one of breathless interest.*—The people, on one side, are in movement every where, to put down the aristocratical cabinet which described them to have betrayed their own cause, by deserting the government which first opened for them the road to liberty, while, on the other side, the agents of corruption are more malignant than ever, and more desperate,—louder and more audacious in their proposals, than the Lords will throw out the bill."

The bill was to have been read the second time in the House of Lords, on the 10th of October.

Contrary to our expectations, Paris has become quiet, and the members of the Perrier administration, again firmly fixed in their places. In future all speculations as to the affairs of France will be idle. They present an enigma which even the leaders of the different parties do not comprehend; and a more unsettled state of things cannot well be imagined. A highly interesting debate, which lasted three days, took place in the Chamber of Deputies on the questions put by M. Mauguin to Ministers, respecting the foreign policy of France. At the time when all the Paris and London presses were speculating on the result of the vote—a vote which all parties believed would be a close one—a division was made and stood thus:

For Ministers	221
Against Ministers	130
Majority for Ministers	85!!

It will be seen that Ministers are again proceeding against some of the liberal and ultra-liberal presses.

Accounts from St. Petersburgh say, that the cholera had again appeared with such violence at Nishno Novogorod, that the merchants left the city before the fair was ended.

It is said that a forgery has been detected on a London banking house, to the amount of 40,000*l.* sterling.

The Times says that if the Lords reject the Reform Bill, it will be an attempt to put down the King, the commons, and the people—that they, in that case would be rebels, and the crown would not obey them!!

ST. JAMES PALACE, Sept. 21.—This day had audience of His Majesty, Mr. Van Buren, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America, to deliver his credentials.

ENGLAND.

We copy the following from the Times of the 23d of September—

LONDON, Sept. 22.—The Reform Bill has at length made good its landing in the House of Lords, and the circumstances which attended its reception there were powerfully indicative of the awe inspired by the presence of a preternatural visitor. Ceremonies, which from immemorial usages have long ceased to excite any serious interest, or to be otherwise performed or regarded than as mere mechanical appendages of the Peers, like the keg and sword of Deputy Black Rod, the Messrs. Commons, or the gilt badges of the messengers, all assumed last night an importance hitherto be grasped for which they were originally instituted—the maintenance of a stern and solemn intercourse between the two Legislative Chambers of the kingdom.

Bills, on common occasions, are brought up to the House of Lords by the members who has taken the chief part in their passage through the commons, accompanied by from two to three in half a dozen of his brethren of the Lower House. The Lord Chancellor walks down from the woolsack to the bar—a careless look, a few muttered words of form, and, under the rose and in whispers, some small gossip or little joke begin and terminate the communications of this short congress, which is as little noticed by the body of the Peers as is the process of lighting the chandeliers, or stirring up the fire.

Who is at last right? We refer to our report of the Parliamentary proceedings.

On the announcement of the long expected—by some the much dreaded—message, the grouped and scattered Peers took post upon their proper benches, as if to be in readiness for the ambassador of a mighty power. To colloquial ease and idleness, a silence succeeded profound and universal. The doors opened, and instead of half a dozen or a dozen Commons, with Lord John Russel in their head, that noble Lord entered, attended by Lord Althorp, the representative of the King's Government in the House of Commons, and above a hundred,—we are informed many more,—of the most resolute supporters of the bill,—instead of an unmeaning matter of common place words, followed by an interchange of social underwitted hilarity, Lord John Russel pronounced in clear and emphatic accents, the object of the memorable task intrusted to him; and in a significant tone, on the part of the Commons, desired the attendance of their "Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod," to summon "in the name of the King and the Commons" in the hall, for the purpose of hearing a fresh enactment to the British nation, the provisions of her ancient charter having—not fallen, but—been crushed, by fraud, or violence, into long disguise.

Lord Brougham, from the woolsack, communicated to the Peers the subject of the message which had been delivered to him, and presented the bill for their consideration. Lord Grey, the Prime Minister, acting at once for king and people, proposed to their Lordships the first reading of the bill, and they, with their consent, the period for its second reading, viz: next Monday se'night. Then, and not till then, did the members of the House of Commons, having secured the purposes of their mission, consider themselves to be *functi officio*, and immediately retired from the bar.

In this striking manner was conducted, by far the most important and valuable transactions in the nature of a demand by the Commons of England upon the Peers, that ever took place between two branches of the Legislature, since perhaps the House of commons first existed.

The following, we are told on the best authority, is a fact.—On Wednesday last there was a select political dinner at the Duke of Wellington's, for the purpose of concerting measures for throwing out the Reform Bill. The Peers who met for this pious purpose were, Lords Londonderry, Jersey, Ellenborough, Carnarvon, Salisbury, Aberdeen, Bathurst, Roselyn, and Wharncliffe.

THE MARKETS.

WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

WHEAT FLOUR, per bbl. fresh from wagon..... $5 50
RYE, do. do. 3 37½
WHEAT, per bushel..... 1 00
RYE, do. 60
CORN, per bushel..... 50
CLOVER SEED per bushel..... 4 00
TIMOTHY SEED, do. 2 25
HERD do. do. 25
BARLEY, Good, do. 1 00
FLAXSEED, do. 1 70
OATS, from wagons, do. 50
WHISKEY, do per gallon, in bbls 31
Do. do. do. in hhds 28
COTTON, per lb. 11
BUTTER, No. 1. in kegs, per lb. 10
EGGS, per dozen 13
LARD, per lb. Western. 8
TALLOW, do. 06
HAMS, Western, per lb. 10
BACON do. do. 7
BEESWAX, do. 20
CLEANSED OIL, do. 08
FEATHERS, do. 40
HIDES, Rio Grande and La Plata, per lb. ..... 17 to 18
LEATHER, SOLE, ... 14 to 16
COMMON WOOL, washed, ... 60

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, every Friday, by J. & H. WITMER, Merchants No. 221 Market street.

THE MARKET.—A few sales of superfine flour have been made at $5.50, but there is little demand for export. In consequence of the scarcity of rye flour the sales have been confined to small lots at $4.62½. A small lot of corn meal, in barrels, sold at $3.25. The supplies of grain have been limited, and former prices obtained. Whiskey has been sold at 31 a 33 cents in hhds. and barrels, from waggons; it is dull at one cent advance on these prices from store.—Linseed oil at 102 cents in barrels from store, which is the highest price offered.

Sales of Public Stocks, in this City,
DURING THE PAST WEEK.

			Per Cent.
$1000	Penn'sia Fires, redeemable in 1856	113	100
700	do. do. 1854	111½	100
1402	Lehigh sixes, redeemable in 1892	102½	100
16	Shares Commercial Bank	82½	50
5	do. Schuylkill Navigation	7¾	50
3	do. Germant'n & Perkiomen Turnp.	37½	100
1	do. Walnut Street Theatre	par	275

Furnished by Sylvanus Lehman, Stock and Exchange Broker, No. 44 South Third Street.

The Saturday Post.

PHILADELPHIA
Saturday, November 19, 1831.

NOTICE TO AGENTS.

Agents are particularly requested to remit to this office all moneys they may have in their hands, collected from our subscribers. Also, to furnish us with a list of all subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post, in their respective vicinities, who are two years or more in arrear. We especially desire to have the names of all from whom, after this notice, the money is not promptly forthcoming. Such we shall erase from our books without delay, and place their accounts in the hands of proper persons for collection.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The article on "Intemperance," is feebly written. Such topics, at this time, require power, ingenuity and adornment: otherwise they will not arrest the attention of those for whom benefit they are intended.

No. 4, by B. is a deviation from the original plan of the series. It cannot be published in the present form.

"Napoleon," by A. J. M. should have had a careful perusal previous to its being sent to us. It contains errors which the author would have noticed and corrected. The faults in the article are not, however, serious, and as it contains some merit, we shall reserve it for publication.

The Milford Bard's articles are acceptable.

A second reading of the lines headed "Memory," induces us to reject them, as we discovered errors in the language and faults in the style, which escaped us on a first perusal. We would not discourage H. and therefore request him to write another copy and send it to us.

Peter Pindar's epistle—some of them, at least—are too severe. We have never restrained on contemporaries in the way he would have us pursue. When his article appears he will find it lopped of the offensive paragraphs.

"Nearco," no doubt, thinks himself a screamer at description, but he knows no more about a hair than that Fatty Scraggs down of darning stockings, and that she never done in her life.

The poetry by "H. L." is objectionable.

"O. C." shall have a place next week.

"Manfred" is on file for publication.

"Consistency" is retained for publication in the Post.

"The Dream," by A. J. is inadmissible.

We are pleased to notice that the enormous evils resulting from lotteries, have at length arrested the attention of some of our philanthropic citizens. A meeting, to take into consideration what measures are necessary to be pursued to suppress this fruitful source of crime and wretchedness, was held on Monday evening last, at which B. W. Richards, Esq. Mayor of the city presided. The proceedings leave not a doubt on our mind, that spirited exertions will now be made to put a stop to every species of Lottery Gambling. A committee was appointed to collect statistical facts in relation to the grievances which arise from the system, and also to ascertain to what extent the laws of this state, interdicting the sale of foreign lottery tickets, are violated.—The duty of another committee is to prepare a memorial to the Legislature, urging the entire abolishment of Lotteries in Pennsylvania. The meeting adjourned until Monday evening next, at which time the committees appointed are expected to report.

It is an easy matter at all times to get rid of superfluous change; but our city is at present so abundantly supplied with exhibitions and attractions for the curious, that those who have naturally but little inclination to spend, find it difficult to withstand the temptation. Among the prominent exhibitions now open, we may notice the following:

Maelzel's Chess Player, automaton Rope-Dancers, and Conflagration of Moscow. This is certainly no trifling attraction, for the aged and learned find much to admire.

At the Washington Hall, a female Ourang Outang attracts great numbers daily. Her near approach to the human species makes her an object of much curiosity.

The South Sea Islanders, at the Masonic Hall, are also worth seeing. They are quite good looking men for savages and cannibals, and their display of bows, arrows, clubs, pearl fishing gear, and other singularities, is very attractive. Their stay in the city will be brief.

Miss Honeywell, at 215, Chesnut street, presents a very interesting exhibition. Though born without arms, she possesses the ability to cut profiles and various figures with extraordinary facility and precision. She uses the scissors with her mouth.

Mr. Meckle has just opened a room in Fourth below Library street, to display some curiosities. This exhibition we have not seen, and we therefore cannot speak of its merits.

In addition to these we have two Museums, filled with curiosities, and two theatres which are constantly producing something to attract the notice of the public. Mr. and Miss Pelby with their new tragedy are at one, and Master Burke with his violin at the other.

NEW WAY OF MARRYING.—During the sermon in the church of Inveralina, on Sunday se'nnight, the attention of the congregation was attracted by the appearance of two strangers, an umbrella maker, and a fair companion, who frequently in the course of the service, left the church and re-entered it. Towards the close of the parson's discourse, the couple became apparently absorbed in "serious thoughts," and immediately before pronouncing the blessing, both the man and woman stood up, when the former repeated aloud, to the no small astonishment of the congregation—"I declare myself and this woman a married couple before God and this congregation"—after which the bridegroom and bride marched from church, congratulating each other on the shortness of the ceremony.—*Inverness Journal.*

Anderson the vocalist, about whom the hubbub at the Park Theatre, New York, arose, appeared at Boston, last week, and made a decided hit. The efforts of a few persons (emissaries from New York, it is said) in the boxes to hoot him off, were rendered abortive by the acclamations of the Bostonians, who from the first seemed determined to take the matter in their own hands, and judge for themselves of Anderson's merits. Considerable noise was made outside of the theatre, and some injury was done to the windows. His second appearance passed off with less disturbance.

It is evident that much more notice has been taken of this performer than he deserves. It was, perhaps, ridiculous to quarrel with him on account of his alleged opinion of the Yankees, but it is more so to occupy columns of the public newspapers, with notices of his doings. It is probable he has been abused—if his affidavit is to be believed, he most certainly has been, and as we have seen no contradiction of his story, we publish the following extracts as an act of justice. Anderson says;—

"When within a few days sail of this port, (New York,) a collection was made, as is usual for the Stewards, (three black men,) and being applied to, I refused to contribute, stating as my reason, that their conduct to my servant, (whom on one occasion, they had attacked and beaten most severely) had been highly improper, and that, therefore, I would give the three sovereigns which I had intended for them, to the sailors; and I did so. I mentioned this fact, because I believe my subsequent fracas with the Mate was, in some measure, connected with it. On the afternoon of that very day, when standing near the *binnacle*, and engaged in conversation with a fellow passenger, (the only one beside myself on deck,) I was rudely directed by the Mate to leave the place where I was standing, alleging at the same time, that I was in conversation with the man at the wheel. This being untrue, I denied; when he laid his hands roughly upon me, and attempted to push me away.

Being naturally very much incensed, I told him that if the insult was repeated, I would knock him down; and upon his again doing so, I attempted to put my threat into execution, and a scuffle ensued, in which he was assisted by the three blacks, *who were concealed behind the companion*, and who instantly rushed to his aid. By *them* I was thrown down, and held, while the Mate attempted to force my eyes from their sockets. My wife hearing my voice, was the first who rushed upon the deck, followed by the Captain and the rest of the passengers, and was an eye-witness to the perilous situation in which I was placed, with four men upon me. She implored the Captain to make his men desist, but for some time he scarcely noticed her entreaties, because, I presume, he entertained a grudge against me, as an altercation occurred between us on a former occasion, in consequence of my reprimanding his black men for beating my servant. However, he at length released me, and then I certainly did upbraid him, (who is an Englishman,) with unfair and unmanly conduct in not exercising his authority.

There was a passenger by the name of George Washington Lee who, on several occasions, and without my knowledge, grossly insulted Mrs. Anderson, particularly when illness confined me to my state-room. While the disturbance was in existence betwixt myself and the four men, Mr. Lee very deliberately, with his hands in his pockets, walked up to my wife, who was almost fainting from the exhaustion she had sustained in endeavouring to extricate me from the assassin like aggressors, and said to her, "Your husband ought to be thrown overboard." He likewise declared to Mr. Bury, a cabin passenger, who witnessed the affray, that he would use all his influence in New York to have me hooted and hissed from the stage. This being told me, I waited on Mr. Lee, who stood with two or three passengers, and thus accosted him: "Mr. Lee, if I have offered you any insult, or acted ungentlemanly towards you, I am ready to give you any satisfaction you may require, at a moment's notice; but as for your threats of having me *hooted from the stage*, I do not think it is in your power to influence an American audience to do so. Therefore, I despise you and your threats, and I am convinced that you are a coward and no gentleman."

I positively affirm, that I never, in a single instance, did abuse the Americans, or use the term "Yankee," whilst on my passage to this country. I should have published these facts much earlier, but it was deemed prudent to delay until the public excitement had subsided.

The above statements, by Mr. Anderson, are supported by the affidavits of Mr. John Bury, a cabin passenger,—Daniel M'Knight, the seaman who was at the helm when the assault was made on Mr. A. by the mate,—and of Peter Grant Mr. A's. servant.

The Spaniard Mina, a sketch of whom we lately published, escaped from the Doylestown jail, early on Monday morning, by sawing the rivet of the chain by which he was fastened to the floor of the room, and breaking off the lock on the outer or iron door of his cell. The noise he made awoke the sheriff, and instant pursuit was made. A fellow prisoner, named Brown, who escaped with Mina, was overtaken about nine o'clock; and the same afternoon, Mina was secured on the old Bethlehem road, about seven miles from Doylestown. He is now in his old quarters.

The interments in this city last week, number 101—49 adults and 52 children, 25 of whom were under one year of age. Twelve were from the Alms-house. Nineteen of the whole number died of consumption of the lungs.

We understand a public dinner will shortly be given to John Andrew Shulze, late Governor of Pennsylvania, who is now in this city.

A meeting of military officers attached to the first Division, was held in this city on Monday evening, at which the following preamble was adopted:—

Whereas, the acts of Assembly, now in force, for the regulation of the Militia and Volunteers of this Commonwealth, are altogether ineffectual as a means of sustaining the military arm of this state, and their execution has become not only matter of ridicule in the eyes, but proves greatly offensive to the moral sense of the community, and is fraught with consequences of a highly injurious and degrading character.

And whereas, the existence of a military force is not only enjoined by the Constitution, but is as much required as any other branch of the national power, and it is the policy of every government to prepare for war in time of peace, so as to be ready to put down domestic insurrection, and resent foreign insult and aggression, taking care not to make the performance of military duty too onerous to the citizen soldier; and it is the opinion of this meeting, that a proper organization of the militia, and suitable encouragement of the Volunteers, is imperatively required, and would meet with the approbation of all classes of our fellow citizens.

The resolutions adopted in pursuance of the above, recommend that a military convention be held in the course of the ensuing winter, *to take into consideration the propriety* of a full and complete revision of the Militia Laws of this commonwealth.

That the present Militia System *needs* a revision, has already been settled by the whole community. The *only* question is, when will it be done? The matter has been urged for years on the attention of the legislature, but the members of that body seem to require a New York exhibition, to convince them of the absurdity and uselessness of our annual militia trainings.

A man named Asbury was killed by one Parker, a few days since, near Frankfort, Ky. The dispute arose about a penknife. Both were in a state of intoxication.

ARCH STREET THEATRE.

De Lara, or the Moorish Bride, the prize tragedy, written by Mrs. Caroline E. Hentz, was brought out at this Theatre, on Monday evening. It was repeated on Wednesday, and performed again last evening, for the benefit of the authoress. Each representation was witnessed by a full house, and received unequivocal approbation.

The tragedy, as a literary production, possesses many striking merits. The language throughout is distinguished by lofty sentiment, vigour and poetic beauty. The plot is well made out, and the incidents are so managed, that the interest excited is gradually increased to the end of the fifth act. The play is not, however, in our opinion, well adapted to stage representation.—It lacks thrilling scenes—something to enchain the feelings of the audience. Beautiful language and correct sentiment are not sufficient of themselves to make a tragedy successful, with the generality of play-goers—there must be stage effect—exciting and stirring recitals. Before a refined audience, De Lara is a tragedy of much interest. It has solid literature, refinement of style, and dramatic excellence, to recommend it.

Pelby, as De Lara, was, as usual, correct and chaste. This gentleman's style of acting, we have always admired. His movements are easy and graceful, and his gestures always in proper keeping. He gives force and energy to his words without blustering or ranting.

The beautiful Miss Pelby, as the Moorish Bride, appeared to great advantage. She appears to have studied in the same school with her father, and adopted many of the excellencies of his style. Her movements are graceful; her voice mellow, and of great compass. In the pathetic scenes she was remarkably energetic.

Scott as Abdel Osman, Murdock as Francisco, and Horton as the priest, were eminently successful in their characters.

Mr. Frimbly, who is still engaged at this house, represents, in person, models of the ancient statues. On the rising of the curtain, he is observed on a staging, in attitude and appearance resembling a classical marble statue of Hercules.—From this he moves gracefully, to the accompaniment of music, into the next attitude he would represent. Some of his models are—Hercules struggling with the Nemean Lion; Cincinnatus, fastening his sandals; Ajax defying lightning; the African alarmed at the thunder; Hercules throwing Lysimachus into the sea; three positions of the Fighting, and three of the Dying Gladiators, &c. The effect of these imitations is grand and imposing, and to the classic scholar exceedingly interesting.

Mr. Lefevre's exhibitions are not of so elevated a character, but his skill and ingenuity it is impossible not to admire.

The Susquehanna Democrat of last week gives the the following particulars of a distressing occurrence which took place in Plymouth, a few days previous:—A man by the name of Heacock procured a keg of powder for blasting.—Having taken out the head of the cask, he took a small quantity in his hand to ascertain its ignitable qualities; but unhappily, in communicating the fire, a spark was conveyed to the cask, and the whole quantity, consisting of about 25 pounds, instantly exploded. Mr. Heacock and wife, together with a little girl, were shockingly burned and mutilated, and nearly all the furniture of the house destroyed. The little girl has since died, and the life of Mr. Heacock is despaired of. This adds another awful warning to those who have occasion for the use of powder.

AMERICAN ECLIPSE.—This superior horse, who is now in the neighbourhood of Baltimore, and had been running races from a colt until he was aged, and had never been beaten, challenged the continent, giving six or twelve months notice, to run for $20,000, the adversary to be named at starting; consequently be stood *alone* against the United States. The best blood of Virginia was trained and tried by the most experienced gentleman of the turf, (Col. Johnson) and several were selected and brought to the course; one was at the last day chosen to have the honour of contending with him, who was deemed *first* in the world—and nobly did he contend. The first heat was run in the unprecedented time of seven minutes and thirty-seven seconds. But in three heats all the continent, by virtue of the failure of Henry, so selected, yielded to the inimitable *Eclipse.—Baltimore Republican.*

Trenton, (N. J.) Nov. 5.

WATER POWER AT TRENTON.—On the 29th ult. the excavations commenced about 2½ miles from Trenton, for this enterprise. The late Governor Williamson, of Elizabethtown, opened the ground, after which Judge Southard delivered a handsome and appropriate address to the citizens assembled on the occasion. The plan of the company is to take the water from the Delaware by the wing dam about six miles above Trenton, and convey it by a canal to Lamberton.

The head of water gained by this measure, according to the surveys, is computed from 16 to 20 feet, affording a large number of mill seats for various manufacturing purposes.—*State Gaz.*

In Council, yesterday morning, the joint Committee on that part of the Governor's message, which relates to the Delaware and Raritan Canal Company, reported: that they are of opinion that the state should exercise and secure the right she has in the act incorporating said company; and recommend that the Governor be authorized to subscribe on behalf of the state for the one fourth part of the capital stock of said company; and that the sum necessary for the payment of the instalments be borrowed from the School fund, at 5 per cent; to effect which objects the committee reported a bill, which passed to a second reading, and was ordered, together with the report, to be printed.—*Emp.*

Trade of the Schuylkill.

The Miners' Journal gives us the following statement of Coal sent down last week:

Boats.		Tons.
29	Schuylkill Haven	1092
24	Port Carbon	814
25	Pottsville	913
895	Per last report	59686
963		63637

Delaware and Hudson Canal.—Tide Water, Eddyville.—Arrived during the week ending Oct. 22—61 coal boats, with 1148 tons coal. Per last report, 49397 do. Total received this year, 41473 tons.

Mount Carbon Rail Road.—Amount of coal transported on this rail road for the week ending on the 3d instant, 697 tons. Per last report, 13807. Total 16394.

Mill Creek Rail Road.—Amount of coal transported on this rail road for the week ending on the 27th instant, 306 tons. Per last report, 19111. Total 19417.

West Branch Rail Road.—Amount of coal transported on this rail road for the week ending on the 3d instant, 697 tons. Per last report, 13364. Total 14081.

Schuylkill Valley Rail Road.—Amount of coal transported on this rail road, for the week ending on the 27th inst., 404 tons. Per last report, 16547 tons. Total 16951.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—As a train of wagons was proceeding on Thursday, from Liverpool to Manchester, the axle of the engine gave way and ran down the embankment. The concussion caused the overturning on the road of two of the leading coaches, four other coaches retaining their position on the rails. The passengers, though greatly alarmed, escaped uninjured; and the engineer and firemen were only slightly bruised. On Wednesday an accident happened on the Bolton Railway. The man at the station-house contrary to the orders given him that very morning, not to permit more than twenty ton of goods to descend the inclined plane at one time, actually admitted a train containing 70 tons to descend. The velocity became so great, that on the empty wagons arriving at the top, the rope broke and they were thrown over one another in a most extraordinary manner; and a poor fellow, who had only been three days employed on the Railway, and was with the empty wagons, was crushed to death by their concussion. The unhappy offender, whose negligence occasioned the catastrophe, has been dismissed from his situation.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

Mr. Sanderson, of the Office House, has made an improvement in the filtering machine formerly used in this city, which removes the difficulty frequently complained of, viz: the clogging up the filter by the impurity of the water. This is effected by causing the water to ascend to the filter, so that when impurities have been collected, drawing the water downwards will almost immediately remove the difficulties. The machine is worth the attention of families and keepers of public houses.

On Saturday morning last, near the corner of Race and Sixth streets, a very respectable looking man was attacked by a bully, coming from the market, and thrown to a considerable height. He was somewhat injured, as blood was seen on the back part of his clothes, after he had fallen.

From a statement published in several newspapers, it appears, that the amount of debts contracted by the state during two years of Governor Wolf's administration, is nearly as much as the entire sum contracted during the administrations of Hiester and Shulze, in a period of nine years.

On Sunday morning a young man was found in the house of Mr. Dupal, on the Grey's Ferry road: he had been heard during the night making a loud noise in the vicinity; when taken, he expressed his belief that he was in his own store, in Wyncr, Bradford county; he had done no injury, and appears to be deserving of a high state of mental derangement: in his pocket was a large sum of money, which is now in proper hands. The young man was taken to the hospital, where he will be suitably attended, until restored to health, or removed to his friends, who have been informed by letter of his situation.

It was mentioned to us yesterday, that one of the men employed to clear the streets of swine, had taken a noble porker, but while engaged in tying the legs of the prisoner, the "bristly backed animal seized the victor by the nose," and nearly destroyed that prominent member.

The Perseverance Hose Company has a bell on their carriage, which is the eldest in this city. It was cast in London in 1627; it is 204 years old.

Last Tuesday evening, about dark, a young lad carrying a basket containing a lady's dress, was stopped near the corner of Third and Chesnut street, by a decently dressed young man, who succeeded in pursuing the dress, notwithstanding the cry of "stop thief!" was immediately raised.

Monday, about one o'clock P. M., a horse was seen running at full speed down Fourth street, with part of a shaft attached to him, and in his course, at the corner of Market and Fourth streets, he ran against a colored woman who had cakes for sale, and knocked her over. Fortunately the woman was not seriously injured, though her merchandize suffered greatly.

It has become our painful duty, says the Lycoming Gazette, to announce the untimely decease of John Gibson, jr. of Nippenose township in this county. He was engaged on Saturday last in draining the mill-race of the river on the immediate vicinity of his father's residence, and having driven the horses into the water they became unmanageable, and plunged into the current so deep that they were compelled to swim. One of them getting entangled in the harness, fell down, and it is supposed that in his struggles he struck Mr. Gibson and knocked him from the other horse, as, upon falling into the water, he immediately sunk to rise no more.

Three young men, one of Mr. James Phillips, of South Salem, in a boat, near Philips's beach, on the evening of the 22d ult. fired into a flock of shags, and killed 42 at one shot! Quantities of these fish, which were in immense numbers.—The thing is a species of duck, and is rarely killed except singly.—*Salem Gaz.*

In Bedford county, Va. a slave belonging to Dr. Mitchell, was sentenced to death for attempting to kill his master's wife. Another, owned by Mr. Circle, on James river, was tried at Fincastle on Monday, on a charge of insurrection, and, as the court was not unanimous, was sentenced to be whipped.

A letter from a respectable friend in Isle of Wight county, dated 27th inst. informs us that a free negro, named *Hart Johnson*, a resident of that county, murdered his wife and his only child, on Saturday evening of Wednesday 26th inst. and had absconded. The following description of the wretch is given, that he may be brought to justice. Said Johnson is a brown skinned sawyer by trade, quite likely in person, about five feet or 10 inches high, of dark complexion, about 23 or 24 years of age—no marks recollected.

Mr. Jonas Aby, of Frederick county, Va. has invented a machine for cutting of boots. It is so constructed that from one to twenty pair may be cut at one stroke of the knife, and the principle upon which it is based are so correct that any person acquainted with the business, can, with the aid of this machine, cut out a pair of boots as correctly as the most expert workman.

The Wellsborough Family says that a most shocking accident occurred in the village on Thursday evening last. A colored woman, wife of Elias Spencer, being in a state of intoxication, fell into the fire, and was burned about the face and breast in a most dreadful manner. She yet survives, but no hopes are entertained of her recovery. This is another proof of the fatal effects of intemperance.

The United States Mail has been taken by Messrs. Morris & Dorrance, and will be closed after Monday morning next, until about the 12th inst. for the purpose of cleansing and repairing.

CARBON OIL.—Mr. A. Wright, of Concord, New-Hampshire, has successfully cultivated the castor bean for oil, a number of years, and the oil is certified by Dr. Bartlett to possess all the qualities of the cast imported. The kernels procured cold yield from 30 to 40 per cent oil to the bushel. There are persons in the Western States who make five thousand gallons a year. It sells for about one dollar a gallon. A second rate quality is made from the kernels pressed a second time when much heated. At the first pressing the kernels are slightly warmed. Here the land yields about half as many bushels of the castor bean as it does of Indian corn. Mr. Benjamin Draper, of Roxborough, has erected a castor oil press.

ENGLISH REFORM BILL.—The London Age states that there is a majority of twenty ascertained to be hostile to the Reform Bill in the House of Lords, and that the post-ponement to the 3d October was to allow a member of the Lords time to say—viz: to be brought over. The Age is a violent Tory paper.

The Governor of Massachusetts receives an annual salary of $3,666 67—of Rhode Island $400—of Maine, $1,500—of New Hampshire, $1,200—of Connecticut, $1,100—of Vermont, $750.

The new Legislature of Brazil has exempted periodical and all national publications from the charge of postage—an example worthy to be followed in all free nations.

The Post Master General, lately established a post office, at Neff's Mills, midway between Petersburg and Mount Hill, in West Township, Huntingdon county, Pa. and William J. Kirk, is appointed postmaster.

LEXINGTON AND OHIO RAIL ROAD.—This magnificent work, says the Lexington Reporter of the 20th ultimo, was commenced on Saturday last, with the ceremony of laying the corner stone.

Some ancient warriors in debt "lost all but their honour." And the Poles, we believe, though they have lost their capital, still retain their *debt*.

The U. S. schooner Porpoise sailed from Pensacola on the 11th ult. for Omoa, carrying William R. Jeffers, Esq. Charge d'Affairs to the republic of Central America.

We learn, says the Raleigh Register, that the family of J. W. Bynum, Esq. of Chatham North Carolina, during the last season, raised silk worms efficient to produce 600 lbs. of cocoons, which it is expected from the progress already made in winding them, will make twenty thousand skeins of sewing silk, equal, if not superior, to any Italian silk imported.

The New York Gazette says:—"The ship Cambria, from London, which arrived here yesterday forenoon, has on board two royal tigers, two leopards, one zebra, three hyenas, a kangaroo, one elephant, and four monkeys—quite a party."

A man by the name of Pennock, died in Marguretta, Ohio, on the 28th ultimo, in consequence of a blow from a club on the back part of his head, inflicted by a negro, named William Coleman, in a quarrel, on the 20th. The negro has absconded.

A prospectus has been issued for a new paper to be published in New York, to be called the "*New York Traveller.*" It is to be published every Wednesday morning, to be "devoted to the interests, merits and convenience of the public generally, and to travellers especially," and to be edited by John Thomas and Freeman Hunt. Terms, three dollars per annum.

The American Minister transacted business on the 22d Sept. at the office of the British Secretary of State, for foreign affairs, London.

Accounts from Constantinople state that the losses caused by the conflagration of Pera amount to above 20,000,000 of Spanish piastres, (about 100,000,000 of francs, or above 6,000,000 pounds sterling.)

The returns from 13 of the 24 wards in New York, show the whole number of votes given on the first day of election to have been 3542.

The New York Courier of Tuesday says—in the last fifteen days there have been paid at the Custom House in this city for duties $1,191,923.

An English vessel, having approached too near to the volcanic island in the Mediterranean, is said by the French papers, to have been drawn into and swallowed up in the vortex.

The brig Lewaina, arrived at New York, left Cadiz on the 9th of September. On the 7th the British steam packet Isabella left Cadiz on the way to England, having left Corfu the 28th of August, with the despatches to the Admiral of that station. The report current at Cadiz was, that the Russians have asked the Turks to the total destruction of the Greek fleet, and that they are fighting again with vengeance.

YANKEE ENTERPRISE.—The Editor of the Stonington Phenix mentions, that two small smacks, of about forty tons burthen, their decks within a few inches at the beads of the water's edge, with a crew of six men each, started from that port a few days since for the South Seas, fish or fortune hunting.

EMANCIPATION OF SLAVES.—We have great pleasure in being able to inform our readers, that the British Government have determined on the emancipation of the slaves belonging to the Crown in the various conquered colonies. Directions to this effect have already been forwarded to the Governor of Bermuda, and in a few months we may joyfully anticipate that our government, at least, will be purged from the foul stain of slavery.—*London Baptist Mag.*

On Monday last the Chancellor of Maryland confirmed and perpetuated the injunction granted at the suit of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Company against the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company.

It was forty years on Friday last, Nov. 4th, since Gen. Arthur St. Clair was defeated by the Indians, and British in the Western Territory, then a wilderness, but which now is a populous and flourishing part of our country. In less than half that time hence, the state of Ohio will be second to none in the Union.

Forty miles of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road are now travelled regularly. By the end of this month, if the weather should continue favourable, there will be an uninterrupted line of rails as far as Frederick, a distance of sixty miles.

A woman was arrested at Alexandria, on Monday, on suspicion of having kidnapped a negro girl, about twelve years old, whom she offered for sale to a Mr. Arnsfield.

The Hon. John Quincy Adams is in this city, and puts up at Congress Hall.

As a little boy named Charles Holford was playing near his father's house at Brighton, a companion told him to "open his mouth, shut his eyes, and see what God would send him." The boy did so, when the other drew and let a plum or a pea, which slipped in his gullet and stuck it at—Before medical assistance could be procured, the poor little fellow was a corpse.

There is a guard at the museum, the growth of the present season, under whose shade a modern Jonah or even Goliah might repose. It measures five feet four and a half inches in circumference, and weighs fifty-six pounds. It was raised in Hubbardston, by Mr. Aaron Greenwood, nephew of the superintendent of the museum, from seed brought by Mr. Moses G. from a place 700 miles west of Little Rock, in Arkansas territory.—*Boston Traveller.*

Samuel Rockafeller, Esq. of New Trenton, (Indiana,) dug up a radish in his garden lately, measuring twenty-three inches around the middle, fourteen inches long, and weighing nine pounds and three ounces. A whopper this.

We are informed that the steamboat De Witt Clinton on her passage to Albany, yesterday morning, ran upon the Overslaugh and sprang a leak to such an extent as to require her being run aground on the island, on the Green Bush side of the river, opposite Albany: where she lay, when the evening boats left, with four feet water in her after-cabin. The passengers were taken off safely.

At the late election in this state, five citizens were candidates for seats in the General Assembly, three of whom have been elected—It would appear from this, that the proscriptive system adopted by some politicians, that all who are not unfortunate as to have been concerned in the publication of a paper, should be precluded from office, does not generally obtain in Pennsylvania.—*Reading Chronicle.*

A man residing in Roosevelt street, New York, was taken to the watch house last night, on the charge of having attempted to murder his wife by cutting her throat. The woman was dreadfully wounded.

The New York City Inspector reports the death of 112 persons during the week ending on Saturday last, viz—28 men, 29 women, 33 boys, and 22 girls. Of whom 59 were of or under the age of 1 year, 18 between 1 and 2, and 7 between 2 and 5.

The last dates from York, Upper Canada, mention that twenty-one thousand emigrants had arrived up to the 23d of October by steamboats. Two-thirds were landed in the Western District, and one-third in the Newcastle District.

READING, Pa. Nov. 8.—A man calling himself Shrader, was committed to the jail of this county, on Friday last, charged with attempting to pass a counterfeit note on the Philadelphia Bank, of the denomination of $5. A person answering the description of the above, was seen on the morning of that day, in the lower part of the town, begging victuals, and trying to pass himself off as a methodist.—In one house that he entered, a silk handkerchief disappeared very mysteriously. The lady of the house was preparing some provision for him.

The New Bedford Gazette states that the small pox had been introduced into that town by an arrival from Gottenburg. But two cases have been known, and measures have been taken to prevent the further spread of the disease.

Constable Hays, of New York, arrested a few days since, a genteel looking young fellow, calling himself Stevens, on a charge of counterfeiting bills on the Albany and New York State Bank. When taken he was in the act of forging the name of the President of the bank.

A volume, comprising a series of interesting lectures on Witchcraft, prepared for delivery in the Salem Lyceum, by the Rev. Charles W. Upham, Jr. has been on our table for a week or two. Next week we shall endeavour to secure space for a particular notice of the subject.

A boy about eight or ten years of age, was run over by an engine, in Green near Front street, on Sunday last, and received a contusion in his head, of which he died in a few minutes after.

The Match for $10,000.

NORFOLK, Nov. 2.—The Race of yesterday, over Garrison's Course, attracted a fine company, from the fame of the horses announced to take part in the contest. Only three of the horses mentioned by us entered at the stand, Annette, Ray 3d, and Chanticleer. The weather was remarkably fine, and the course in pretty order, and the betting extra of the purse is believed to have equalled $18,000.

The following is the result, giving the purse to Col. Johnson's Ann etta:

Mr. Ruffin's Annette	1	1
" Whig's Bayard	2	2
" Wilcox's Chanticleer	3	3

Time—1st heat 3m. 47½—2d heat 3m. 50s.

The Match Race for $4,000.

Nov. 4.—The Match Race for a purse of $4,000 was run yesterday, over Garrison's Course. The contest was between Mr. Doswell's b. m. Sally Hornet, five years old, and Mr. Wm. Wilson's b. m. Bonny Black. Sally Hornet proved a more than a match for her competitor, and bore off the purse. The following is the award:

Mr. Doswell's Sally Hornet	1	1
" Wilson's Bonny Black	2	2

Time—1st heat 7m. 55s.—2d heat 8m. 1½s.

Between six and seven o'clock this morning, a fire commenced in the Roman Catholic Church, in Sheriff street, between Broome and Delancey streets, which, together with several dwelling houses and work shops, by which it was entirely destroyed, and several other buildings much damaged. During the conflagration, the wind conveyed a great quantity of cinders a considerable distance, some of which communicated fire to the roof of the Methodist Church in Willett street, and threatened its destruction, when some spirited persons ascended a ladder to the ridge of the building, and fortunately succeeded in arresting the progress of the flames with but little injury. The origin of the fire is attributed to incendiaries, two men having been seen to come out of the church a few minutes before the discovery of the fire. The church was entirely frame, and was insured.—*N. Y. Standard.*

☞ At the request of the Board of Managers of the "Young Men's Temperance Society," a Discourse will be delivered in furtherance of the objects of the Society, by the Rev. Mr. Holdich, in the Methodist Church in Fourth street, below Arch, on Sabbath evening next. The members of the Temperance cause, and all others interested in the moral welfare of the rising generation, are invited to attend.

Arch Street Theatre.

Mr. FRIMBLY as RICHARD III. & CRACK.

THIS EVENING NOV. 19,

Will be presented Shakespeare's celebrated Tragedy of

RICHARD III.

Richard 3d..... Mr. FRIMBLY.
Richmond..... Mr. FISHER.
Buckingham..... Mr. J. R. SCOTT.
Queen Elizabeth..... Mrs. SUTTON.
Lady Anne..... Miss STANNARD.

COMIC SONG—Mr. HILL.

To conclude with the admired Farce of the

TURNPIKE GATE.

Crack, with Songs..... Mr. FRIMBLY.

☞On Monday, fourth night of De Lara—Mr. Pelby's Benefit, and last night of his engagement.

Notice will be given of Mr. Frimbley's next appearance.

Over Shoes.

A few cases of India Rubber Over Shoes, large size and excellent quality For sale by S. D. REED
Nov 12—3t No. 6 North Sixth street.

Wanted Immediately,

A FEW young men who would be willing to travel, to engage in a pleasant and profitable business. For further particulars apply at No. 18, Filbert street. nov. 5—tf

Baker's Intelligence Office,

ESTABLISHED IN MAY, 1811.

SOUTH East corner of Chesnut, in Third st., (Up Stairs)—Persons Rooms and Parts, Bowelers, Farmers, Cooks, Overseers, Journeymen, Apprentices, Farmers, Gardeners, Coachmen, Waiters, Carters, Grooms, Bar Keepers, Oilers, Porters, House Keepers, Wet Nurses, Seamstresses, Chamber and Child's Maids, men and women Cooks, Traveling men and women, Dairy Maids, Plain Cookes and Jewish Servants.

For Country Seat—A coloured boy, 15 years old, and six years to serve. Do. A Girl 11, and 7 to serve. Do. 14 and 4

A Book Keeper and Salesman wants a situation.

A Young Man wants a situation in a Grocery or Dry Goods Store, or as Bar Keeper.

Several Journeymen and Apprentices wanted. nov. 5—4t*

Six Cents Reward.

RAN away from the subscriber, on Monday the 7th inst. an indented apprentice boy, named WILLIAM ANDERSON. Had on when he went away a pair of pantaloons, black fur hat, and a pair Monroe laced boots, having his name within on the lining. Whoever will bring back the said runaway shall have the above reward, and no charges. All persons are forbid harbouring him at their peril.

WM. B. EARNEST, Coachmaker,
nov. 12—1t.* No. 238 North 2d street, Philadelphia.

To Country Merchants.

CHEAP Silks, Ribbons, and Lace Goods. GUZBY & SPROGELL, No. 261 Market street, offer sale a large and handsome assortment of staple and fancy Silk and Lace Goods. Their entire stock having late purchases, the decline from former prices enables them to offer great inducements to purchasers. feb. 20—tf

Removal.

F. & C. PLUMMER have removed their Boot and Shoe Manufactory from No. 68 to 132 Market street, north side, between Third and Fourth streets.

TO LET, at a low rent, the unexpired lease of the large Rooms over No. 68 Market street. Apply to
F. & C. PLUMMER & Co.
nov. 12—3t No. 132 Market street.

Dancing School.

MR. H. AUGUST has the honour to inform the inhabitants of Philadelphia, that on Monday, the 14th of November, he will re-open his School at his old established room, No. 324 South Fourth street, for the reception of Ladies and Gentlemen, who desire to learn to Dance and Waltz in a short time, in order to attend their Evening Balls and Parties.

Price per quarter $10, for course of 16 lessons $3, payable all in advance, and pupils will have the privilege, if they choose, to attend the Practising Balls at Masonic.

The first Practising Ball will take place on the 16th inst. and will continue every Monday until May, at which strangers may be admitted at fifty cents, or $10 for the season. Former pupils will pay half price.

The Ladies who desire to attend the Balls, are respectfully invited to send, at any time, for tickets at the above place.

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.

A New Song to an Old Tune.

John Anderson, my jo John, yer cup of woe is full:
Ye'll ever rue the luckless day ye came frae Johnny Bull;
The Yankee lads won't hear ye John, they hiss and cry
"no, no,"
See tak yer passage "back agin," John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson, my jo John, what could your worship mean,
To put so many briny waves your home and you between?
If 'twas to coal your courage, John, ye're bit the mark, I trow,—
Ye'll be a' the cooler 'gaugeing back,' John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson, my jo John, ye should na swear sae mickle;
For your blaspheming tongue, John, ye're in a pretty pickle;
By cursing all our Yankee boys, and sending them below,
'Twas mean ye have damned *yourself*, John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson, my jo John, this climate will na suit ye.
Ye've lost your voice, and, worst of a', ye're lost your golden beety,—
When ye left your own barn-door, John, ye began too soon to crow,
See gang to the deil, and shake *yourself*, John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson, my jo John, when first ye crossed the seas,
We counted on your *shakes* and thrills, your catches, sangs and glees;
But a' your melting strains, John, are melted like the snow,—
See gang to the deil, and shake *yourself*, John Anderson my jo.

Imitated from the German of Matthisson.

TO ADELINE IN ABSENCE.

When in the hawk'ning grove,
With notes of warmest love,
The rich veiled nightingale
Wakes echo in the vale.
There I think of thee.
When think'st thou of me?

Where dimly falls the light
Of shadowy star-lit night
On willows lowly dipping
In rivulet softly rippling—
There I think of thee.
Where think'st thou of me?

With affection's anxious fears,
With a lover's sweetest tears,
With the fervent thoughts of youth,
With the holiest vows of truth—
Then think I of thee.
How think'st thou of me?

In a certain town, not more than fifty miles from Boston, as the clergyman was holding forth in his usual drowsy manner, one of the deacons, probably influenced by the narcotic qualities of the discourse, fell into a doze. The preacher happening to use the words, "*What is the price of all earthly pleasures?*" the good deacon, who kept a small store, thinking the inquiry respecting some kind of merchandize, immediately answered—"*seven and sixpence a dozen.*"

THE CORONATION.

The ridiculous and expensive fuss of crowning his Majesty, William IV., King of England, took place on the 8th of September. And we may ask in the words of Cicero—*Cui bono?* For whose benefit? His Majesty reigned very well before the coronation—will be reign better after it? But if the ceremony of crowning were a matter of so great importance, why has it been delayed so long? King William was an old man when he came to the throne, and might have slipped his wind without ever being crowned. What a catastrophe for the British nation! After taking the oaths of office and directing the wheels of Government a year and a quarter, he is solemly anointed King! But he was every inch a king before; and consequently all this silly show and burdensome expense have been made for nothing.

This coronation reminds us of a little girl, who was instructed by her mother how to behave when abroad, and among other things was told that she must never enter a house without knocking. Being sent one day to a neighbor's to borrow a thimble, she entirely forgot a part of her instructions, and walked in without ceremony.

"How do you do, Matsy?" said the good woman.

"I'm pretty well, I thank you, how does you do?"

"Quite well, my pretty dear. How does your mama do, and all the folks?"

"They is quite well, I thank you—how does your mama do and all her folks?"

"They are all well, my child. Take a chair and sit down,

"I cant stay to set—ma wants to borrow your thimble to darn up her stockings."

The good lady gave her the thimble, and she went her way. She had got nearly home, when suddenly recollecting herself she ran back in breathless haste and began to knock at the neighbor's door.

"Have you forgot any thing?" said the lady.

"I forgot to knock," replied the honest little observer of etiquette—and having finished that ceremony to her hearts' content, she made the best of her way home with the thimble.—*N. Y. Constellation.*

On a gentleman who expended his fortune in horse-racing.

Jack ran so long, and ran so fast,
No wonder he run out at last;
He ran in debt, and then, to pay,
He distanced all—and ran away.

SAGACITY OF A GREYHOUND AND POINTER.—A gentleman in the county of Stirling, Scotland, kept a greyhound and pointer, and, being fond of coursing, the pointer was accustomed to find the hares, and the greyhound to catch them. When the season was over, it was found that the dogs were in the habit of going out by themselves, and killing the hares for their own amusement. To prevent this, a large weight was fastened to the pointer's neck by a leather collar, and hung down, so as to prevent the dog from running or jumping over dykes, &c. The animals, however, continued to stroll out to the fields together; and one day the gentleman, suspecting all was not right, resolved to watch them, and, to his surprise, found that the moment they thought they were unobserved, the greyhound took up the iron ring in his mouth, and, carrying it, they set off to the hills, and began to search for hares as usual. The watch was followed, and it was observed that whenever the pointer scented the hare, the ring was dropped, and the greyhound stood ready to pounce upon poor puss the moment the other drove her from her form, but that he uniformly returned to assist his companion when he had accomplished his object.

From the Courier des Etats Unis.

POOR DIEBITSCH.

He possessed a pretty fair reputation, and passed, as it were for a great man, but some fiend of ambition whispered in his ear, and persuaded him that the Poles were so many Turks.

He bestrode his great war-horse, and galloped over hill and dale; the Don Quixote of the latter-day aristocracy, he hastened to subdue the rebels in eight days, and, if necessary, to hang all Poland on the same gallows. Filled with manly indignation and boasting, he arrived before Praga—and there Chlopicki welcomed him with kisses—not from his own but from the cannon's mouth; and the hero of the Balkan retreated at full speed for twenty leagues or more to *another* to chant the Te Deum of his victory—in safety.

And ever since he has marched in a similar manner, from success to success. Finally at Ostralenka he achieved his last victory. Twenty thousand Russians were left on the field of battle, with four thousand Poles, the army of Skrzynecki retaining its position! The Russian General made, as usual, a sanguinolent report of the conflict, but Nicholas was to a sullen humour. This man, said he, must have the cholera morbus. A courier immediately left the ante-chamber, and wrote to one of his friends, who was in the army: "The Czar has decided that Diebitsch Sabalkansky shall have the cholera morbus."

In the mean time the Emperor pacing the apartment, continued: "No, he shall die of a violent attack of the apoplexy."

A second courier quitted the room and wrote to the army "The Czar has decided that Diebitsch shall die of an apoplectic attack."

Poor fellow! he had laughed, chatted, and tippled all day, as was his custom; he had forgotten Skrzynecki, and imagined himself as victorious as when he routed the Grand Vizier and his turbaned followers. But at night, while dreaming of conquests and honours, it seemed to him as if four strong hands were upon his throat, and a sense of suffocation which ensued, produced his sudden death. The next day the friends of the two couriers wrote to their friend, the Editor of the Prussian Gazette,

"Sir," said the first, "the illustrious General is dead of an apoplectic attack." The Editor published the news: but, two hours after, he received a letter from the second, which said: "Sir, the vanquisher of the Turks has died of the cholera morbus."

"Diable!" ejaculated the Editor, scratching his head. "this looks a little more probable," and he inserted the report.

Poor Diebitsch! he died of a political cholera. He died as a man whom they wished to punish without having the *right*. Pray for *his soul*, and for *the body of his successor*.

MRS. ——— LATE OF THE FEDERAL STREET THEATRE.—It is said that Mrs. Siddons once frightened a slop-keeper into fits by the solemn and awful manner with which she ioquired,

"Sir, did I understand you then to say
This calico would wash?"

We can vouch for the truth of a similar anecdote which is related of Mrs.———, an amiable lady, once among the ornaments of the Boston stage, who retired a few years since from a profession in which she was wont to sustain the Lady Macbeths and other tragedy queens with great applause. This lady, as her acquaintances well know, had assumed upon the stage the deep toned voice,—the lofty air and mien of majesty, and the measured blank-verse accent, for so many years, that much of it was apparent in her manner and conversation even in the social circle. Going one day into Barrett's the dyer's to examine a piece of silk which she had sent to be colored, a young man in attendance informed her that the goods had not taken the new color well, and that several spots showed themselves very distinctly. Thereupon, the lady seized the silk, and taking a fine attitude as she held it to the light, exclaimed

"Spots did you say! WHAT SPOTS! I SEE NO SPOTS!"

The effect was electrical. The young man stood rooted to the floor in amazement, while his hair became like 'quills upon the fretful porcupine." Beau ——— who happened to be by, left the shop, in evident consternation, and two interesting girls present, burst into tears and retired with unequivocal symptoms of distress. The young ladies declare they have never recovered from the shock which their nerves received on the occasion.—*Boston Galaxy.*

TOL LOL PENNY.—Towards midnight, as the company began to drop off, I found myself seated almost alone in my corner, where I was in a manner fastened on by a rough-spun kind of character, in a rather shabby coat, with a purser's button, whose peculiar mode of speech had rendered him an object of my particular observation during the last hour. He knew every body, and every body seemed to know him. He had acquired the habit of adding 'Tol lol' to almost every sentence; but it was not so much the absurd words themselves that excited attention as the very impressive and varied tone in which he uttered them, which gave them so much force. He had a tol lol of glee, another of surprise, another of sorrow; but his Tol lol of anger was really terrific. This man's name was Penny, a purser in the navy, known at every port in England by the cognomen of "*Tol lol Penny.*" This curious character took post directly opposite to me, in the box in which I was taking my negus and a bit of bread and cheese, without further introduction than having been in the same room together for nearly two hours, entered into familar conversation with me, commencing with —'No intrusion I hope, tol lol?' 'None in the least, Sir. I regret that I have nothing before me to offer you to partake of; but *if* you will allow me to———' 'No! no! my young gentleman,' interrupted the purser, 'swig *your own* tipple; and poor stuff it is, I guess, tol lol! Let *every man crack nuts out of his own bag*. Here, waiter bring me a glass of grog; and, ye hear, let it be *double shotted*, tol lol.' On the arrival of his grog, 'My service to you, Sir,' said he, and gulped down half the magnum at a draught. I returned the compliment by drinking his good health in my bottom of negus, and called for another for the honour of the cloth. On asking him to cut a crust of bread and cheese—'What! *cheese!* said he; 'cheese to a purser! Why you might as well offer physic to a doctor!—tol lol! But dam'me, with submission, I will have some'at with you in the grubbing way too, for I like the cut of your mug, though it is a little coxcomical or so. Don't be angry;—tol lol;—and then your handkerchief, bleached as white as the royal of a homeward-bound Indiaman, swells like Sidney Yorke's of a frosty morning. *Waiter, walk a kidney three times before the fire*, and bring it me with a shallot as hot as the first broadside; and, d'ye hear, put a bite of butter not bigger than a *bee's knee* on the bilge of it; mind that!—tol lol; Your general, young 'un, is an out-and-out good 'un, they say; but dam'me; he as been hardly hit. That's his look out—tol lol!' 'How;' said I, (with my curiosity strongly excited,) 'I know nothing of his affairs;' '*Bam;*' said the purser, with an incredulous smile. 'Tell that to the marines; tol lol!' 'Upon my honour, Sir,' I replied,' I really know nothing whatever of my general's affairs, nor ever saw him before this morning. His character as a brave officer is sufficiently established; and of that alone I can speak. 'Well, then, I can tell you,' (eagerly interrupted the purser,) 'that a finer or more generous-hearted fellow never breathed. But he has a wife—worse luck for him!—tol lol!' 'And what of her?' I anxiously inquired. Oh! nothing uncommon now-a-days! only that they were not of the same———' 'Kidney, Sir!' said the waiter, as he laid the smoking relish before the purser, three revolutions of whose jaws served to demolish it.—*The Staff Officer.*

It is good when the week is ended, to look back upon its business and its toils, and mark wherein we have failed of our duties or come short of what we should have done. The close of the week should be to each one of us like the close of our lives. Every thing should be adjusted with the world and with our God; as if we were about to leave the one and appear before the other. The week is, indeed, one of the regular divisions of life, and when it closes it should not be without its meral. From the end of one week to the end of another, the mind can easily stretch onward to the close of existence. It can sweep down the stream of time to the distant period when it will be entirely beyond human power to regulate human affairs. Saturday is the time for moral reflection.

When for the mercies of the week we are thankful, and when our past months and years come up in succession before us—we see the vanity of our youtoful days, and the vexations of manhood, and tremble at the approaching winter of age. It is then we should withdraw from the business and the cares of the world, and give a thought to our end, and to what we are to be hereafter.

"The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade,
Pants for the refuge of some rural shade,
Where, all his long anxieties forgot,
Amid the charms of a sequester'd spot,
Or recollected only to elude o'er,
And add a smile to what was sweet before:
He may possess the joys he thinks he sees,
Lay his old age upon the lap of ease,
Improve the remnant of his wasted span,
And having lived a trifler, die a man."—COWPER.

CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON.—There is something auspicious to the destinies of the Republic in the prolonged life and exalted character of the man who survives to the present generation, and who remains like a glorious tradition in the midst of another age, to impress upon it a sense of the pure and elevated virtue which characterized the Congress of patriots who proclaimed the Independence of their country.—The survivor of this body is one who most appropriately presents to the world, *in his own*, our national character; it is assimilated, in its noble and simple plainness, to his, and we fondly hope it will also resemble him in its protracted, fortunate, and successful career.

The venerable Carroll was born to a rich inheritance, and hazarded all, his life and independence—in declaring for that of his country. After the liberty of the people, and the government of their choice was established, he sought none of the public honours or emoluments which it could confer, and contented himself with the enjoyment of that private fortune which he had so disinterestedly risked in the public cause. The growth and prosperity of his country has increased the value of his estate to an immense sum, and while he has preserved the primitive virtues, the temperance and simplicity of his early life, the affluence which surrounds him seems to be a blessing enjoyed by him rather in the dispensation, than in an application to the purposes of ostentation. And yet the opulence of Mr. Carroll is a circumstance in which Americans may take some pride. It is emblematic of the nation's prosperity from which it has arisen. The charter of his country's independence, on which his name is inscribed, is the proudest patent which ever ennobled a patriot, and the wealth which has accrued from the value conferred by the influx of occulation on wastes of territory located in the infancy of the colony, may be looked upon as a fit offering of free institutions, to one who contributed to establish them.

This "time honoured" patriot has been blessed in another particular, which probably has never before fallen to the lot of distinguished excellence in a republic. His long life has not only been pure and without offence to the world, but has passed unblemished even by imputation—And his light is now setting in brightness, after having been visible almost a century in cloudless skies.

MATERIALISM.—A pretended free-thinker in England, who had brought forward a number of absurdities to prove that we have no souls, asked a lady present, with an air of triumph, what she thought of his philosophy. She replied, "It appears to me, Sir, that you have been employing a good deal of talent, to prove yourself a beast!"

"I was going," said an Irishman, "over Westminster Bridge, the other day, and I met Pat Hewins, 'Hewins,' says I, 'how are you?' 'Pretty well,' says he, 'thank you, Donnelly;' says I, 'that's not my name.' 'Faith, no more is mine Hewins,' says he. So we looked at each other again, and sure it turned out to be neither of us."

SCENE IN A LONDON PRINTING OFFICE.—"What are you engaged in?" said the head printer in a newspaper establishment to one of his compositors. "In an elopement." "Stop," said his interrogator, "I want you to take a share in a murder!"

DANGER OF INSINCERITY.

The Empress Eudocia, amidst all the grandeur of so elevated a station, led a very studious and philosophic life, and lived very happily, till a trifling incident exposed her to the jealousy of her husband.

The Emperor, it is said, having sent her an apple of an extraordinary size, she sent it to Paulinus, whom she respected on account of his learning. Paulinus, not knowing from whom it came, presented it to the Emperor, who, soon after seeing the Empress, asked her what she had done with the apple? Eudocia being apprehensive of raising suspicions in her husband, if she should tell him that she had given it to Paulinus, very unwisely declared that she had eaten it. Her confusion may easily be conceived, when the Emperor produced the apple, and indignantly gave vent to his suspicions of the motive which had led to the present, and her disingenuous concealment of it. He ordered Paulinus to be put to death; but allowed Eudocia to retire to Jerusalem, where she spent many years in the most irreproachable manner, and distinguished herself by her acts of charity and beneficence.

From a late London paper.

THE NEW VOLCANO.—The Philomel brig of war, which left Malta harbour on Tuesday afternoon, the 19th July, with the masters of the St. Vincent and Granges, to ascertain the correct particulars, &c. of the New Volcano Island, forming off Sciacco, in Sicily, discovered the object at 1 A. M., on Thursday, the 21st. At six observed a thick smoke issuing apparently from the sea, the spot bearing N. W. ½ W.; and, on steering in that direction, fell in with the Hind cutter at 9, which vessel had left Malta on Sunday the 17th, but had not yet reached the New Volcano, owing to calms. The island then bore N. W. by W., six or eight miles distant; at 9 deg. 45 min. the Philomel hove to, three miles to windward. Capt. Smith, with the two masters and Col. Bathurst, a passenger left the vessel in boats, for the purpose of taking soundings as near as they could approach with safety, but had scarcely got one mile away, when the volcano burst out with a tremendous explosion, resembling the noise of a very heavy thunder storm, and *flames of fire*, like flashes of lightning. The boats were covered with black cinders, which also fell on board the vessel, and all around, to a distance of (at least) three miles from the volcano. The eruption, in all its fury, lasted 7 minutes, and when the smoke had somewhat cleared away the island had increased in size two-fold.

The volcano bursts out regularly at about every (two hours, and emits all around it a suffocating sulphureous stench. On first making it, at a long distance, it resembles a cluster or grove of cypress trees. The English brig Beetle, of Liverpool, an American, and one or two foreign vessels were off the place.

Its precise latitude is 37 11 North, and longitude 12 34 East; the soundings in the vicinity, say 80 yards off the island, bearing N. E. are 70 to 75 fathoms; West, a quarter of a mile, 72 to 76 fathoms. At five and six miles distance they vary from 70 to 80 fathoms. The volcano appears composed mostly of cinders of a rusty black colour, having only a sprinkling of lava, of an oblong shape, and the island, as last seen on Friday, the 23d, was not less than three quarters of a mile in circumference. The N. W. point is the highest, say about 10 feet above the level of the sea, and lower towards the southern extremity. The S. E. side of the crater has fallen into the level of the sea. The sea is drawn in with a very loud noise, and occasions an immense volume of white vapour to rise up in the air, curling and spreading wide; then succeeds rapidly the eruption of cinders and lava, thrown to the height of from 400 to 500 feet, and on some occasions to 1000 feet, forking and branching out in all directions in its ascent, and afterwards falling and pouring down in stupendous masses, with such violence as to cause a noise like heavy thunder, and making the sea for a considerable distance around, one entire sheet of foam—altogether a sight not to be imagined.

From the Portsmouth, N. H. Journal.

NEW INVENTION.—We examined, a few days since, a gun, of handsome workmanship, the stock made in the usual manner, with no other appearance of a lock than the guard and trigger. It is on the percussion principle, and so constructed that with once priming it may be discharged *sixty times*. The ingenious inventor and maker of it is *George W. Morse*, now about seventeen years of age, son of Reverend Bryan Morse, of Haverhill, in this state. We are indebted to a correspondent of the State Herald, for the following particular description:—

The breech-pin, as it is called, makes the outer boundary of the lock. The guard is divided into two parts. The anterior half serves only to complete the form of a common guard, and is immoveable. The other half acts as a lever, and is attached to the upper prong of the breech-pin and passes through a mortice which is made in the hammer. By drawing back this half of the guard, the hammer is drawn with it, and by this motion the gun is cocked.

There is a small spring fixed in the upper part of the breech-pin, which throws back the moveable part of the guard after the hammer is fixed for firing, so that the guard then appears to be entire. The hammer consists of a straight bar of steel, two inches long, and the fourth of an inch square, through which is a mortice, as above mentioned, for the moveable half of the guard to play in. The hammer is thrown forward by a spring which is in form of the letter U and which is secured to the upper prong of the breech-pin at the posterior and under part.—The hammer moves in a straight line, and strikes against the centre of the barrel. The trigger is secured to a pillar which is placed between the prongs of the breech-pin, and which also supports the hammer. It is shaped like the capital letter L inverted. A small spring under the fore part elevates the upper end of the trigger against the end of the hammer, which keeps the gun cocked. In the operation of cocking the gun, the nipple (which slides into the end of the hammer which is nearest the barrel,) is drawn forwards one sixteenth of an inch. A space is thus made in the hammer directly under the magazine, and the priming falls into the space or cavity. The nipple is one fourth of an inch long, and one twelfth of an inch in diameter, with a cap large enough to cover the head of the hammer, and has a perforation in it large enough to admit a common pin. This hole makes a communication between the space in the hammer, which receives the priming from the magazine above, to the charge in the barrel of the gun. When the hammer is driven forward in the act of firing, the nipple strikes against the barrel, and is forced into a hole made in the hammer, where the firing is effected by percussion. The magazine contains sixty primings, and is so contrived that neither water nor dampness can penetrate into it.

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness: her estate is like that of things in regions above the moon, always clear and serene.

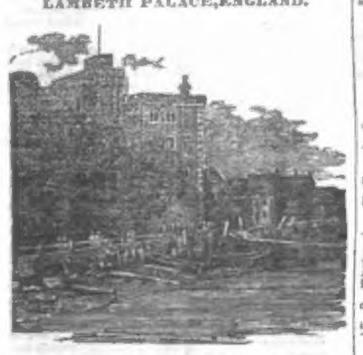
I believe in love—in devoted, endearing, inextinguishable love: I believe in attachments which know no variation, except from hope to despondency: I believe in tenderness unintermitted through years of trial—in truth, unbroken through years of temptation: I believe, in short, in affection which, though circumstances may diminish, time itself never can subdue!

THE ANTS.—Ancient historians and modern travellers of the most approved veracity, gave extraordinary accounts of the industry, application, and foresight of the ants. All who have eyes to see, have been struck with the bustling regularity with which they move. Yesterday we saw a regular attack, a long continued combat, and the final triumph of these little animals over a very large horse spider. The spider was as heavy as five hundred of the ants.

They were the small red ants. They were first discovered near the door of a small back parlor of a neighbor, who sent for us to witness the fierce resistance of the spider, with the untiring indefatigability of the ants in their attacks. His limbs and his head were covered by them, and he was pushed and dragged along by the multitude of his enemies. Occasionally he would scatter so many of them as to be able to retreat an inch or two. On these disastrous occasions, we saw several ants, almost with the velocity, and certainly with the intelligence of videttis, scamper off to a hole in the corner of a brick hearth, distant from the scene of operation nearly five yards. These scouts were invariably accompanied back, and followed by reinforcements of ants, who, as soon, as they got on the battle ground, vigorously set to work on the spider, to push and to drag him along in a direction to the hole in the hearth, whence they had issued.

If we might, with tolerable certainty, infer the condition, from the actions and movements of the spider, we would conclude he was blinded before the contest was half over. It was impossible to see the very large body of the spider, surrounded and every where encompassed about with busy, active little enemies, without recollecting the miserable state of poor Gulliver made fast to the earth, walked on, and overcome by the Lilliputians. More than twenty times did we think the spider would break away; but, on all these occasions his enemies seemed to redouble in vigilance, force, and numbers. They would head him and load his head and limbs so that he seemed, for a little while, wholly at their mercy. Twice there were hills over which it was necessary to hoist and push the spider, and here and there, when precipitated in a hole in a broken brick, he made a most obstinate and pertinacious resistance; but all would not do. The activity, numbers, and continued reinforcements of the ants triumphed. They dragged him over every elevation and raised him out of every hole, until, after an uninterrnitted struggle of two hours, we saw the ants precipitate him into the corner of the hearth. Truly did the wise man say, "The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meats in the summer."

LAMBETH PALACE, ENGLAND.



Lambeth Palace is situated on the right bank of the river Thames, a short distance from Westminster Bridge. It is an old building, having been erected in part, previous to the year 1221. The Papal power was in the fulness of established authority at its commencement, and for nearly seven centuries after the primate of England made the palace one of their ordinary residences.

While Chicheley was archbishop, a very hot persecution was carried on against the followers of Wickliffe, who were then called Lollards, and the history of religious persecutions affords few instances more bigotry glutted its appetite for human suffering with more sweeping and indiscriminate fury. The upper part of the tower in the palace, was fitted up by Chicheley as a prison, in which the dissenters from the doctrine of Rome were exposed to punishment, by torture another means. Subsequently falling into other hands, the place was refitted and improved, and by a bequest of Archbishop Bancroft, in 1610, an extensive library was fitted p. In 1641, while in the possession of Laud, an object of peculiar detestation to the Puritans, it was attacked by the populace, who broke the windows and set many prisoners at liberty. During the exile of Charles II. it fell into the hands of Scott and Huntly, by whom the hall was pulled down, and converted into a dancing room. After the restoration, it was again made a prison, and crowded with royalists. Nearly one hundred clergymen, from the east of England, died there of a pestilential fever. In 1781, an assembly of Bishops was held at Lambeth, since which its vicissitudes have not been extraordinary.

The Lollard's tower is, perhaps, the most remarkable building connected with Lambeth Palace. It is five stories high. The attic room was the one used as a prison of the Lollards, from whom it took its name. The great hall, the library, and the dining room are splendid apartments, fitted up in a chaste, modern style, and exhibiting exquisite workmanship. In the gallery is a large collection of portraits, comprising the princial characters of several centuries.

The great gateway stans between two lofty towers which are ascended by spid stairs. Over the gate itself is the second room: and admiring the porter's lodge, is an apartment similar to the Island's prison, and supposed to have been used as a recentase for the overflowings of that "chamber of misery." To dole, innocmorably given to the poor, still continues to be distributed at the gate thrice a week. At present it consts of bread, beef and money, in quantities suited to the necessities of the nexcessuring poor, and to the means of th pimate.

Wanted,

IMMEDIATELY, by the Snscriber, fifteen or twenty enterprising, honest men, with capital of from 1 to 2000 dollars each, per cent. to go into business of manufacturing Soda, or Natural Water, carbonated Mead, Ider, &c. with a machine for which he has a patent, and has successful operation, by which any person can make 50 dozen of the old glass is entirely dispensed with, and a fount of water, super-charged and sufficiently impregnated with gas in five minutes, by the labour of a small boy, or a man's thumb and finger, leave a small crack, there is four inches long.

Mechanical, chemical or scientific men would be the most suitable, and would be preferred. The business will be to make the Soda Water, &c. with the above machine, and to sell by the gallon as found in those already usual by the glass.

The important advantages of this machine, and the terms of the patentee are such as will be those who engage in the business (if so desired) to make money faster than they could in any other business with so small a capital, and so little risk.

It will be unnecessary for any or three of those engaged in the business to engage in the business to reside in the City of New York, one or two in Boston and Charlestown, one or two in New Orleans, one in Charleston, S. C., one in Cincinnati, one in Albany, one in Washington City, one in Pittsburgh, one in Richmond, Va., one in Rochester, N. Y., one in Salem Mass., one in Portland, Maine, and perhaps one in Brooklyn, N. Y., one in Troy one in Newark, one in Nashawa, one in Louisville, Ky. and one in Norfolk, Va. There may yet be a number of more towns for which I would sell exclusive rights, so as to be no object for others with smaller capitals. Also, individual or single rights for those towns not large enough, to be used in small towns, where the inhabitants do not exceed 2 or 3000.

Those who engage in the business in any of the large cities or towns above named, will have the exclusive right to the use of the Generator, in those respective towns, and the person who purchases individual, or exclusive rights for small towns, will obtain from the patentee, a full agency, all the necessary instructions how to use the Generator, and make a variety of pleasant drinks, some suitable for winter as well as others for summer.

For further information apply to Samuel Laning & Sons, city of Camden, N. J.

Letters from a distance, post paid, will be attended to.

nov. 5—tf J. H. LANING, *Patentee.*

Miss Honeywell's Splendid Gallery of

Cuttings and Needle Work

IS now open at No. 215 Chesnut Street, near Seventh. Those persons, therefore, who wish to obtain the finest specimens, (cut in a few seconds, by Miss Honeywell, are invited to embrace the present opportunity.

The interesting Lady, though born WITHOUT ARMS, has acquired such use of a common pair of Scissors, by holding them in her *mouth*, as to be able to cut out of paper, the most curious curious and difficult pieces of Cutting ever attempted, such as she has done for numerous Ladies and Gentlemen of this city, together with a variety of others, such as Watch Papers, Flowers, Landscapes, and even the Lord's Prayer, perfectly legible; not only the outlines, but to resemble copperplate engravings. She writes, draws, and does all kinds of Needle Work, with the utmost facility and ease. She has travelled through Europe, where her work has been universally admired. An extensive variety of specimens of her elegant performances, are for exhibition in the rooms she occupies. All her elegant works are for sale. She can be seen at her various occupations from 10 o'clock, A. M. till 9 P. M.

Admittance, including a Profile Likeness, (cut in a few seconds, without hands, by Miss Honeywell,) 25 cents; Children half price. oct. 8—tf

Carpet Manufactory.

GEORGE MILNER, No. 42 Race street, between Front and Second streets, respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has got on hand a quantity of domestic Carpeting, of his own make, which he sells low for cash.

N. B.—All kinds of Customers' Carpet weaving at the shortest notice, as No. 42 Race street. nov. 5—3mo

LAUREL HILL.

TO LET, that well known Country Seat, now occupied by Thomas Renshaw, as a house of entertainment, situated on the River Schuylkill, near the Falls of Schuylkill, and a pleasant ride from the city.

This property contains upwards of 20 acres of rich land, capable of high cultivation. Its vicinity to the city makes it valuable both as a Residence and Farm.

For particulars apply to JOHN M. MELIZET,
nov. 5—tf No. 119 South Wharves, above South street.

Mrs. E. Sinclair,

NO. 170 E. Fourth street, first door above Pine, Philadelphia, respectfully informs her friends and the public, that she continues to CLEAN and DRESS Cashmere, Merino, Canton's Hair, Crape, Thibet, and Egyptian Shawls. The fringe curled, and colours warranted not to fade.

N. B. Bonnets Dressed and Cleaned and removed equal to new. oct. 29—6*

NOTICE.

THE Churchwardens and Vestrymen of the United Swedish Lutheran Churches of Wicaco, Kingsessing and Upper Merion, announce to the congregation of those churches, that the minister from Sweden expected, upon the death of their late Pastor, the Rev. Nicholas Collin,

In pursuance therefore, of the 8th section of the act to confirm and amend the charter of the said churches, passed the 10th of September, 1787, the Churchwardens and Vestrymen of the said United Churches, hereby give notice, that the meeting of the congregation will be held in the church at Wicaco, on Monday, the nineteenth day of November, 1821, at 10 o'clock, M. for the purpose specified in the fifth section of the said law, which is hereunto published. By order of the Vestry

WM. T. SMITH, Acting Warden.

An act to confirm and amend the charter of Incorporation of the United Swedish Lutheran Churches of Wicaco, Kingsessing and Upper Merion, called Gloria Dei, St. James' and Christ Church.

Section V. And whereas it is represented to this house, that the foregoing language is almost extinct, and in consequence thereof, the ministers from Sweden may probably come to be confounded according to the ancient custom and usage. In that case and not otherwise, the churchwardens and vestrymen of the said United Churches for the time being shall convene together the congregations of the said churches, and a majority of the members present and Upper Merion by notice given in one or more of the public newspapers of the city, for at least three weeks successively and a majority of the said congregation so met, (who are the electors of the said churches) shall have power to elect one of their clergymen, whose names are now entered in the church books of Wicaco, as desirer to officiate as the pastor of the said United Churches, and shall have the same rights and powers as the pastors of the said United Churches by virtue of the same. oct. 29—3w

Glue, Neat's Foot Oil,

CURLED Hair, and Cow Hide Whips, constantly on hand and for Sale at Booth & Brown's, No. 214 Chesnut street, or at the Manufactory of CHARLES CUMMINGS,
7th above Poplar Lane, or No. 440, ninth st.
N. B. The highest prices given for Glue Scraps, Cow Heads and Cattle's Feet. oct. 1—1y

Fall Ribbons.

NEW Style rich Fall Ribbons just received at C. McKARAHER'S Ribbon, Shawl and Fancy Store, 40 North Second street, opposite Christ Church; also, rich fancy Belt and Guard Ribbons, gauze cap ribbons, a large assortment of plain coloured ribbons, silks, satins, Bombazets, gros de naps, Italian crapes, bombazet lasting shawls and fancy Handkerchiefs, in great variety, scarfs, veils, beadin gloves and suits, new patterns handkerchiefs for morning aprons, silk and head ruffles, velvet silk and oil silk aprons, with a variety of fancy articles, both for the ladies and misses.

Also, large size Indian Clothes and Fancy Baskets, with a variety of Travelling Baskets. oct. 1—tf

Medicines, &c.

ENGLISH *Harrowgate Salts*, celebrated for the cure of Dyspepsia, Piles, Head, Rheumatism, Piles, and Liver Complaints. Price 25 cents per bottle.

Mexican Remedy for Tooth-Ache, which gives immediate ease, prevents decay of the teeth, and sweetens the breath.—Price 50 cents per bottle.

Saratoga Salts, for making the Saratoga Water equal to that which is bottled. Price 37½ cents for a quantity sufficient for half a dozen bottles.

Paris Elixir Spencer, which has the effect of restoring the first cause of colour to black or blue clothing when it has become rusty or faded. Price 37½ cents.

Sold at No. 22 ARCADE, Western Avenue.

Druggists and Dealers supplied on liberal terms.

sept. 21—tf

Hatters' Furs & Trimmings.

RICHARD PRYOR, Jr. respectfully informs his Friends and the Public in general, that he has a large and general assortment of the following articles, at No. 51 Chesnut street:

Beaver	Furs.	Silver's assorted Colours.	
Otter	do.	Gilt and silver'd Hat Leathers,	
Muskrat	do.	Muslin Hat Linings.	
Raccoon	do.	Hat Tips, of all kinds,	
Raw Linney	do.	Bindings, Ferret & Rattine,	
Carroted do.		Hat Bands and Bindings, Drab	
Do. Hares	do.	and Black,	
Canada Hair,		Buckles, Bow Strings,	
Red Wool, &c.		Pure Spanish and Paxony Felts.	
		Hat Bodies, &c.	

Which will be sold at the lowest prices. All orders from the country received and punctually attended to.

feb 20. 3d—3mo.

To Shoemakers.

THE Subscriber has opened his Store, at No. 433 North Second street, opposite the Market House, lower side, where he offers for sale Rose Findings of the first quality.

Also, a general assortment of Leather, at the lowest prices.

sept. 24—3mo R. ELDRIDGE.

French Millinery.

MRS. S. CHAMBERS, No. 25 ½ South Second Street has opened a large and splendid assortment of seasonable Fancy Bonnets.

Also, in Store, a large assortment of Straw and Leghorn Bonnets a la Ribbons.

Ladies are respectfully requested to call and examine before they purchase. nov. 25—7*

Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam.

THIS truly valuable remedy has now been before the public for the last ten years, and has acquired itself the most reliable character for coughs, colds, asthma or phthisic, consumption, whooping cough and pulmonary affections of every kind. Its sale is steadily increasing, and the proprietors are constantly receiving the most favorable accounts of its effects.

Each bottle of the above medicine is accompanied with printed directions, also certificates from many individuals of its salutary effecting.

For Sale by ISAAC THOMPSON, N. W. corner of Market and Second streets, and J. W. FLICKWIR, South Second street, opposite Geroux. nov. 5—tf

A CARD.

JAMES WINTER, gives notice that he has Removed to No. 157 North Second Street, a few doors above Race street, where he continues cleaning and dressing Cashmere, Canton Hair, Canton Crape, Thibet and Merino Shawls, suits the fringe and colours in the most elegant manner, so that in the estimation of the ladies often preferred to new. Samples may be seen by applying at his dwelling. oct. 1—3*

600 CLOAKS.

FOR SALE, Wholesale and Retail, a large assortment of 3 Cloaks, of various descriptions, Superfine of Cloth, Silk, Plaid, Camlet, Circassian and plain Bombazet Cloaks, of a superior quality, all of which will be sold on reasonable terms.

Also, an assortment of seasonable Dress Goods.

THOMAS PARKER, Jr.
oct. 22—6t No. 98 South Second street.

Carpet Manufactory.

JOSEPH SWARTZ, No. 319 North Third Street, next door to the Commissioners' Hall, Philadelphia, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of very superior

DOMESTIC CARPETING:

Among which he would particularly recommend, for durability and neatness, a quality of Ten Cloth, plaid and treble pateent. Those who favour him by calling, he trusts will be satisfied with the quality and prices of his goods. Three Carpets can be remanufactured in all parts of the United States.

N. B. Weaving of every description punctually executed, and materials for all kinds of Carpet purchased as above.

oct. 1—3mo

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Drug and Chemical Store,

NO. 198 North Second street, seven doors below Noble street.

SAMUEL P. SHOEMAKER offers for sale a general assortment of fresh Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, &c. together with a large assortment of Paints, ready ground in oil, Window Glass, Varnish, Dye-Stuffs, &c. &c. Physicians, country store keepers and families supplied on the most reasonable terms, and the articles warranted.

N. B. An Apprentice wanted. A smart, active lad, about 16 years of age, of respectable connexions and good moral habits. oct. 15—6*

Dr. J. G. Keyser's,

AND the only Genuine Universal Plaster. In recommending this article to the attention of the public the proprietor is influenced more by a confidence in its efficacy and the benefits which would accrue from a more extended knowledge of its virtues, than by any motives of private emolument. For the last thirty years its use has been confined by the most decided success, both in this country and in Germany; but like another other valuable medicines it has of late been pursued by spurious imitations, and impudent counterfeiters have dared to impose their trash upon the public, clothed in the stolen reputation of the genuine article, and thus have thrown a stigma upon its character which can only be removed by a public notice of the fraud.

It would be a vain attempt here to notice the many and superior virtues of this application. Suffice it to say that it is truly as the name implies a "Universal Plaster," and that in no case of internal injury is it meant to be used to the exclusion of boneset, however of the more common uses to which it is applied, it may be proper to mention

1st. As a remedy for corns if inside unravelled, a few applications at once removing the inconvenience and the predisposition to the return.

2d. In chronic and also in recurrent Rheumatism, it has often afforded more relief in a few hours than all other remedies had proved ineffectual in days and weeks.

3d. In old and ill-conditioned ulcers in one in of the first import